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The secretary (Mr. F. J. Witts) having read the notice calling the meeting, and the auditor's report,

The chairman said: Gentlemen, I suppose that in the usual manner I may take the accounts as read. I must start by apologising for the absence of two of my colleagues, Colonel Grayson, who has again had to go abroad on behalf of H.M. Government, and Mr. Haig Thomas, who is most unfortunately absent owing to a family bereavement. We will now begin by looking at the fire account, where you will see that the premiums for the year amount to £613,483, with a loss ratio of 48.88 per cent. The latter happens to be unusually low, but you must not apply it as a standard of comparison for the future, as these percentages tend to average themselves out over a term of years. The figure, however, does go to prove that our business is all of sterling quality. Compared with last year, the premium income shows an increase of no less than £155,000. This may be accounted for to some extent by higher values, but in the main it is due to fresh business, an expansion in several cases of old treaties, with the initiation of many new ones. Whether at home or abroad, our fire business continues to give evidence of a strong upward tendency, and it is widening in so many directions that we have to exercise unusual discrimination in the selection of our treaties.

### THE AMERICAN FIELD.

One problem in particular of this kind recently presented itself. Working from the cardinal principle of spreading our risks, we have again cast our eyes across the Atlantic, and wondered whether we ought to enter the American field. We have been approached by various parties inviting us to take the plunge, and leading insurance papers on the other side of the water have even gone so far as to make positive statements on this point. However, I can assure you that we examined the subject without any prejudice, and have weighed both sides with the utmost care. On the one hand, it was represented to us that there was an unusual opportunity for a good English company. The magnates of the reinsurance world, so we were told, the great German companies, like the Munich, the Cologne, and the Magdeburg had been dethroned without prospect of reinstatement. Consequently there was a vacuum, and we were the right people to fill it. This was the psychological moment, and no such chance was likely to offer itself again. Without question, there was much force in this line of argument. It would in many ways be a favourable moment to found reinsurance relations in the United States. But then we looked at the reverse side of the medal.

### MARINE ACCOUNT.

It is easy to keep in touch with our European friends by periodical visits across the Channel, but if we started business in the States it would naturally require very careful watching. In any case, I am inclined to think that we should add to our overhead charges out of all proportion to the profits we made. Our attitude, therefore, at the present time as regards America is that unless the attraction of American business to us is greater than has so far appeared, we shall not do anything in the matter until the general manager and myself can pay a visit to America.

Now, turning to the marine account, the premiums for the year have taken another sweeping stride forward, and have reached the large figure of £1,351,400. Let me, however, at once qualify this by certain observations. Those of you who study insurance accounts will have noticed that the leading marine companies, generally speaking, show a material diminution in their premiums for the past year. This is easily explained by the fact that the underwriting of war risks has terminated. Our figures will naturally follow in the same direction, but we have to wait until we receive advices from the companies who cede business to us, and you may take our figures as about six months behind theirs. Consequently the reduction in our premium income due to the cessation of war risks will only show itself in next year's accounts. Let me add that the falling-off, when it comes, need not in any way disturb your minds. Our marine business is in an eminently healthy and satisfactory condition, and it would be difficult to imagine a more representative group of treaties.

### UNDERWRITING OF OUR WAR RISKS.

As to the underwriting of war risks, I shall not have occasion to allude to it again, so I should like to add a few words more

before it finally passes out of our accounts. Roughly speaking, it underwent three different stages. In the early period of the war the companies who entered the field at the outset, and pursued a uniform and undeviating policy, must have assuredly reaped a rich reward. But that phase does not concern us. Then came the time within the memory of all of us, and perhaps the gravest in the history of our race, when the enemy flung the last shreds of conscience and humanity to the winds, and respecting neither sex nor child, nor even the sacred flag hoisted over their hapless victims by the Sisters of Mercy, they became the desperadoes of the sea. This campaign was launched in the winter of 1916, and reached its culminating point during April, 1917, when over 900,000 tons of shipping were torpedoed, with an actual loss ratio of 93 per cent. From then onwards there was a gradual declension in losses, and during the closing months of the war we witnessed the phenomenon of a steadily falling rate with sustained or even increased profits.

As to the future, you will notice that, faithful to the policy which I foreshadowed last year, we have increased our reserve for unexpired risks to £824,000, which represents over 60 per cent. Again I must emphasise the necessity of so doing. Not only has the cost of repairs risen beyond all experience, but both the execution of the work and the settlement of claims are much more protracted than they used to be. It is therefore incumbent upon companies doing marine business to hold larger balances than heretofore in reserve. The third source of our revenue consists of the income from our accumulated funds, and this has more than doubled itself during the past year, rising from £21,425 to £42,999. This will easily become apparent to you if you turn and study the balance-sheet.

On the liability side there is really nothing calling for special comment, but with the assets the case is very different. Last year, of the total assets, viz., £1,228,000, as much as £625,000, or just over one half, was represented by outstanding premiums, and one of our shareholders, in quite a friendly spirit, expressed the hope that we should be able to reduce this figure in subsequent years. Now, with assets totalling £1,794,000, the outstanding premiums are down to £413,000, and whereas last year our investments and cash in hand amounted in round figures to £600,000, they have now risen to £1,380,000. This is a truly remarkable change, and it is a matter of legitimate satisfaction and pride that our conservative policy of the past three years has at length borne such fruit, and that, notwithstanding the rapid growth of our premium income, our reserves have more than kept pace with it.

### THE YEAR'S RESULTS.

Summarising the year's results, we have a profit of £54,000 from the fire fund, £105,000 from the marine fund, and £42,000 from our investments, and, after providing £12,500 for income-tax and excess profits account we remain with a net profit for the year of £187,787. Adding to this the balance brought in from last year, £7,137, we reach the grand total of £194,925. Out of this an interim dividend has already been paid of 4½d. a share on the Preference shares and 1s. 6d. on the Ordinary shares. We now propose to pay a final dividend of 1s. 1½d. on the Preference shares and 4s. 6d. on the Ordinary shares, making a total of 1s. 6d. for the year on the Preference and 6s. on the Ordinary shares. After providing for this there remains a balance in hand of £163,237. How shall we allocate it? If we wish to attract the best class of fire business we must demonstrate that our shoulders are broad enough to bear it. We therefore propose to transfer to our additional fire reserve £120,000. This makes the additional reserve up to £200,000, and brings up our total fire reserve to over 75 per cent. of our premium income. Of the remainder we propose to transfer £30,000 to additional reserve on marine account, and the balance, viz., £13,237, we carry forward to next year.

### TRIBUTE TO THE STAFF.

Gentlemen, it has been remarked that optimism only becomes necessary when you get into a hole. It seems to me, therefore, that it would be a work of supererogation on my part to indulge in rhetorical flights as to our future. You have heard my story of the year's doings, and I prefer to let the facts unadorned speak for themselves. I wish, however, before concluding—and I know you will share my desire—once more to congratulate the manager and his staff on the zeal, insight, and intelligence they have shown in the conduct of our business during the past year. The seven-hour day—or is it six?—may burrow underground, but it shows no sign of ascending to No. 3, Lothbury, and both on your behalf and on behalf of the board I should like to express my most cordial and heartfelt thanks to all our staff for their unremitting energies during a highly critical period. I now beg formally to move the adoption of the report and accounts, but before I submit it to the meeting perhaps some of the shareholders would like to put some questions. (Applause.)

No questions being asked the Chairman proceeded: Then I formally submit the resolution, gentlemen, and ask Mr. Barclay to second it.

Mr. Charles Theodore Barclay: I beg to second the adoption of the report and accounts.

The resolution was carried unanimously.



## PREFERENCE SHAREHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the preference shares of the company was then held for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing with or without modification the following extraordinary resolution: "That the holders of first preference shares of the company approve the consolidation of the said preference shares and the ordinary shares of the company into shares of one class, to be called ordinary shares, ranking for dividend, capital, and in all other respects *pari passu*, and the distribution among the holders of the ordinary shares in the initial capital of the company of the sum of £45,000 out of the moneys standing to the credit of the general reserve of the company to the intent that the moneys so to be distributed may be applied by the holders of the said ordinary shares subscribing new ordinary shares of the company in, or towards payment of the further shares so to be subscribed."

The Chairman: Gentlemen, as you know, special resolutions are now going to be submitted, in the first place, to the preference shareholders, and, in the second place, to the ordinary shareholders; but so as to avoid going over the ground twice, I hope that the preference shareholders will, as a matter of courtesy, allow the ordinary shareholders to remain in the room, so that they will hear what I have to say, and I need not repeat it. The ordinary shareholders, of course, will not vote at the first meeting.

The secretary then read the notice convening the meeting.

After discussion, the resolution was put to the meeting, when 22 voted in favour and 13 against.

The Chairman said as they wanted a three-quarters majority, the resolution was lost, but he would demand a poll. A polling paper would be on the table at the conclusion of the meeting, and the poll would remain open until 4 o'clock that evening at the offices of the company. The result of the poll would be advertised in the financial papers.

## EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING.

An extraordinary general meeting of the company was then held to consider the following resolution: "(1) That the Articles of Association of the company be varied by the omission therefrom of Article 58 to the intent that the existing Preference and Ordinary shares of the company be consolidated into shares of one class, to be called Ordinary shares, ranking for dividend capital, and in all other respects *pari passu*. (2) That the capital of the company be increased to £600,000 by the creation of 225,000 new shares of £1 each, ranking for dividend capital, and in all other respects *pari passu* with the Ordinary shares of the company. (3) That the said new Ordinary shares be offered for subscription to the holders of the Ordinary shares in the initial capital of the company in proportion to the number of such Ordinary shares held by them respectively; that is to say, three new Ordinary shares for each Ordinary share now held, and that the sum of 4s. per share be payable on application therefor, and that the sum of £45,000 out of the moneys standing to the credit of the general reserve of the company be distributed by way of dividend among the holders of the said Ordinary shares to the intent that the same may be applied by the holders of the said Ordinary shares subscribing such new shares in payment of the amount payable on application therefor."

The Secretary read the notice calling the meeting.

The Chairman: I have to submit the three resolutions separately. I suppose there are no more remarks to be made, so I will put the first resolution.

Mr. Barclay seconded the resolution.

The resolution was then put to the meeting, and the chairman announced that 22 votes were in favour and 6 against, therefore the resolution was carried.

## RESOLUTIONS CARRIED.

The Chairman then proposed the second and third resolutions, and this was seconded by Mr. Barclay.

Mr. Penny: There have been several remarks on the part of Preference shareholders in the sense of objecting to this resolution, but I, as an Ordinary shareholder, say that, looking at it from our point of view, we think that we are asked to make a much greater sacrifice than the Preference shareholders are asked to make. We are asked to incur a greater liability.

A Shareholder: We should like an equal chance with you.

Mr. Penny: I certainly feel that we are asked to make a much bigger sacrifice than the Preference shareholders, and I think we owe so much to the way the Board have managed this company—I include the Chairman, the Board, and the General Manager—that I am willing to support the resolution, though I feel it is a large sacrifice.

A Shareholder: Are both classes voting now?

The Chairman: Yes.

The resolution was then put, when twenty-two voted for and seven against, and the Chairman declared the resolution carried.

The Chairman: That concludes the business of the meeting. There will be a polling paper on the table now if you will kindly sign respectively for and against the resolution.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## THE USURPATION OF THE MUSEUMS

**P**UBLIC services that will bring to the servant neither profit, power nor popularity are usually undertaken in this country by members of the House of Lords. So it is not surprising that the agitation against "the usurpation of the Museums," which, so far as I know, has been left severely alone by the professional soldiers of liberty, should have been organized by Lords Harcourt, Gainford and Sudeley. There is something to be said for the system, too; since the bewildering snobbery of the middle-classes makes anything that has been said or done by a nobleman of consequence to the penny and halfpenny papers. The Northcliffe press has already done its bit; and I think it is now time that those of us who get most good out of the museums and galleries should give their lordships a hand. Sir Arthur Evans (*vide* ATHENÆUM, May 16) has made a beginning.

The facts are simple. Half the National Gallery, the whole of the National Portrait Gallery, the whole of the Tate, a good part of the British Museum and of the Imperial Institute, the whole of Hertford House, and half the Victoria and Albert Museum have been taken over by the Government and stocked with officials. In many cases an undertaking was given that the galleries should be restored, ready for use, to their rightful owners within six months of the cessation of hostilities. These promises cannot be kept; for it will take the best part of a year to clean up the mess made in some of our finest galleries by their nasty invaders. Thus, already, the Government has been caught cheating, and that, in the eyes of Government officials, may appear a good reason for continuing to cheat. As well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, say they; especially when hanging amounts to nothing worse than receiving the Order of the British Empire.

Over and above the prejudice in favour of common honesty there are two special arguments for the

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immediate clearing of the museums. It is maintained that hundreds of thousands of American and Colonial soldiers are leaving our shores cast down by the thought that they have missed their one chance of contemplating and studying those treasures of art and science about which they have heard and read so much. Perhaps they are: the Government, at any rate, can hardly complain if the men who came so far partly, I remember, to avenge the outrage on Louvain and the ruin of Rheims, are presumed, for purposes of controversy, to have a peculiar feeling for these things. For my own part, I can only say that, in the freed galleries of the British Museum, I have observed large bodies of Colonial troops inspecting, not, to be sure, the exhibits, but those wax figures of African and Australian natives in characteristic attitudes of domestic life, that occupy so considerable a part of the much overcrowded cases. Truthfulness compels me to make this admission; though I had hoped that, in the prevalent atmosphere of reconstruction, these vulgar effigies of poor, benighted heathen, that contrast so oddly with the exquisite specimens of craftsmanship about them, might have been removed from what is, after all, an ethnological collection rather than a

missionary bazaar.

Another argument in favour of clearing the museums is based on the fact that, during the last five years, the British Government has left us in no doubt that, if it stands for anything, it stands for civilization. Well, it is universally admitted that an essential characteristic of civilized societies is a respect for Art and Science. No one expects cabinet ministers to care for art or to have any science; but we do expect them to respect these things. Public recognition of their importance is part of the homage that matter pays to mind. The meagre support afforded them by the State is a justification—the only justification, some say—of society as it is: in able hands it might easily become an argument against a capital levy. A government based on force—which

is what all governments are based on—that wholly disregards the claims of the spirit becomes a mere hooligan amongst nations. Consideration for Art and Science is to governments what manners are to individuals. When we tread on a stranger's toe we apologize, not because we are sorry for the stranger, but because we recognize that civility is one of the few things that separate us from the brutes. Also the lives of the brutes are apt to be unquiet and short. If the Government really wishes to open the museums, it can. It can open them in a month: it has done more difficult things than that. If the Government is civilized it will wish to open them. If it is not, there are sweeter and cheaper forms of barbarism.

The only reason given by the Government for not opening the museums is that the museums are full of officials. Assuredly the museums should be kept closed so long as they are there. But the Government's reply is not final; there is an alternative policy. By its reply it merely makes plain the choice before us. Which do you prefer—galleries full of beautiful and interesting objects that cost nothing to keep, or galleries full of dull, ugly and expensive Jacks and Jills in office? I am very willing that the public should decide. Our policy is simplicity itself: reduce, we say, your staffs by thirty per cent. next week, and by another thirty per cent. before the end of next month; and see whether the affairs of the country go the worse for this gigantic economy.

And here, were I writing in an ordinary paper, I should make an end, assured that my readers would know very well what I hoped of them. But I am writing in *THE ATHENÆUM* for cultivated and learned people who never dabbled in anything so dirty as a political agitation. Yet it is to that we must come if we are to clear the museums; so, perhaps, I had better give just a hint as to how the thing is done. The importunate widow should be your model; she is the model of all practical politicians. Your object is to make as disagreeable as possible the lives of as many powerful people as possible till you have got what you want. So you write to your member: you pester him with post-cards. You get questions asked in the House of Commons: with extraordinary perseverance and a very attractive or highly placed friend you may even contrive "a debate on the adjournment." Above all, you write to the papers and persuade your friends to write. If you know anyone who can make use of some vaguely formidable signature such as "Fifty Years a Trade Unionist," so much the better: better still, something vaguely patriotic, as "Demobbed" or "A Lad from Tasmania." But remember, papers have been known to verify names, dates and titles. "A Lover of Art" is not much to be recommended. The great public does not love art. But it loves Government officials even less, and therein lies our strength.

C. B.

WE are informed by the Chelsea Public Library that Miss Gertrude Tuckwell has generously relinquished her rights to the large portrait in oils of Lady Dilke, by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, bequeathed to her by Sir Charles Dilke, with reversion to the Library, which now has the portrait.

## ST. ATHANASIUS

### II.

AT the other end of the city there lived another clergyman. His name was Arius, and it was a very long time indeed since the bishop had asked him to lunch. He took duty at St. Mark's, a small church that stood on the brink of the Mediterranean. The neighbourhood was of the best—palaces, zoological gardens, lecture-rooms, etc.—and over some trees rose the long back of a temple that Cleopatra had built to Antony. That temple would make a seemly cathedral, Arius often thought, and the obelisks in its forecourt—Cleopatra's Needles—would be improved if they supported statues of God the Father. The whole of Egypt was ripe for Christianity—for the right kind of Christianity, that is to say: not for the kind that was preached at the western end of the town.

Arius was elderly by now. Learned and sincere, tall, simple in his dress, persuasive in his manner, he was accused by his enemies of looking like a snake and of seducing, in the theological sense, seven hundred virgins. The accusation amazed him. He had only preached what is obviously true. Since Christ is the Son of God, it follows that Christ is younger than God, and that there must have been a condition—no doubt before time began—when the First Person of the Trinity existed, and the Second did not. This has only to be stated to be believed, and only those who were entirely possessed by the devil, like doddering Alexander and slippery Athanasius, would state the contrary. The Emperor Constantine (that lion-hearted warrior!) would certainly see the point, provided it was explained to him. But Constantine so easily got mixed, and there was indeed a danger that he would stamp the wrong type of Christianity as official, and plunge the world into heresy for thousands of years. How difficult everything was! One's immediate duty was to testify, so day after day Arius preached Arianism to the seven hundred virgins, to the corpse of the Evangelist St. Mark who lay buried beneath the church, and to the bright blue waves of the sea that in their ceaseless advance have now covered the whole scene.

The quarrel between him and his bishop grew so fierce and spread so far that Constantine was obliged to intervene and to beg his fellow-Christians to imitate the Greek philosophers, who could differ without shedding one another's blood. It was just the sort of appeal that everyone had been fearing that the Emperor would make. He was insufficiently alive to eternal truth. No one obeyed, and in desperation he summoned them to meet him at Nicæa on the Black Sea, and spent the interval in trying to find out what their quarrel turned on. Two hundred and fifty bishops attended, many priests, deacons innumerable. Among the last-named was Athanasius, who, thundering against Arius in full conclave, procured his overthrow. Amid scenes of incredible violence the Nicene Creed was passed, containing clauses (since omitted) in which Arianism was anathematized. Arius was banished. Athanasius led his tottering but triumphant bishop back to Alexandria, and the Emperor returned to the town—

planning and to the wardrobes of wigs and false hair that sometimes solace the maturity of a military man.

The powers of Athanasius were remarkable. Like Arius, he knew what truth is, but, being a politician, he knew how truth can best be enforced; his career blends subtlety with vigour, self-abnegation with craft. Physically he was blackish, but active and strong. One recognizes a modern street type. Not one single generous action by him is recorded, but he knew how to inspire enthusiasm, and before he died had become a popular hero and set the pace to his century. Soon after his return from Nicæa he was made Patriarch of Alexandria, but he had scarcely sat down before Arius was back there too. The Emperor wished it. Could not Christians imitate, etc. . . . ? No; Christians could not and would not; and Athanasius testified with such vigour that he was banished in his turn, and his dusty theological Odyssey begins. He was banished in all five times. Sometimes he hid in a cistern, or in pious ladies' houses, or in the recesses of the Libyan desert; at other times, going further afield, he popped up in Palestine or France. Roused by his passage from older visions, the soul of the world began to stir, and to what activity! Heavy Romans, dreamy Orientals and quick Greeks all turned to theology, and scrambled for the machinery of the Pagan State, wrenching this way and that until their common heritage was smashed. Cleopatra's temple to Antony first felt the killing glare of truth. Arians and orthodox competed for its consecration and in the space of six years its back was broken and its ribs cracked by fire. St. Theonas—the episcopal church—was gutted, and Athanasius nearly killed by some soldiers on its altar. And all the time everyone was writing—encyclicals as to the date of Easter, animadversions against washing, accusations of sorcery, complaints that Athanasius had broken a chalice in a church in a village near Lake Mariout—replies that there was no chalice to break, because there was no church, because there was no village—reams and reams of paper on this subject travelling over the empire for years, and being perused by bishops in Mesopotamia and Spain. Constantine died; but his successors, whatever their faith, were drawn into the dance of theology, none more so than Julian, who dreamed of Olympus. Arius died, falling down in the streets of Alexandria one evening while he was talking to a friend; but Arianism survived. Athanasius died, too; but not before he had weaned the Church from her traditions of scholarship and tolerance, the tradition of Clement and Origen. Few divines have done more for her, and her gratitude has been both profound and characteristic; she has coupled his name to a Creed with which he had nothing to do—the Athanasian.

Were his activities all about nothing? No! The Arian controversy enshrined a real emotion. By declaring that Christ was younger than God Arius tended to make him lower than God, and consequently to bring him nearer to man—indeed, to level him into a mere good man and to forestall Unitarianism. This appealed to the un-

theologically-minded—to Emperors, and particularly to Empresses. It made them feel less lonely. But Athanasius, who viewed the innovation with an expert eye, saw that while it popularized Christ it isolated God, and raised man no nearer to heaven in the long run. Therefore he fought it. Of the theatre of this ancient strife no trace remains in Alexandria. Not even Cleopatra's Needle stands there now. But the strife still continues in the heart of men, ever prone to substitute the human for the divine, and it is probable that many an individual Christian to-day is an Arian without knowing it.

E. M. FORSTER.

## ENGLISH IN WAR-TIME

**M**OST of those who are solicitous about the English language take up an entirely conservative attitude. Mere purists, zealous only for correctness, they complain that the war has mangled and distorted English, as the German guns mangled North-East France, and are afraid that it may never be restored to its old state of health and comeliness. Any sort of change is abhorrent to this type of critic, who enters a conscientious protest against every neologism, and regards the slang which is a natural phenomenon of war as a loathsome epidemic calling for wholesale disinfection. But this is to treat English as a dead language, and the glory of English is that it has always been so magnificently alive. The French, with their instinct for order, submitted for two centuries to the authority of their Dictionnaire de l'Académie, which still exercises a steady influence, though literary French escaped the fate of classical Latin by easing the yoke when it began to gall. English efforts to standardize the language—Johnson's Dictionary, for instance—had no such lasting effects. To coerce English is to coerce Englishmen. Our language clings more tenaciously than French to the pristine elements of the vernacular; yet it is far more responsive to the demands of life and the glamour of adventure. Faithful to the past, it revels in the present, yet seems to be always beckoning to the future. Is it perchance this living quality of English that makes so much of our prose essentially poetical?

The growth of the English language during the nineteenth century, after the close time marked by Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, was more rapid than at any period before. That growth was due in the main to the progress of science and invention. Further, a motley host of words came in from all the vernaculars of the British Empire, and the preference of the language for picturesque variety rather than a classical uniform was shown by the steady uprush of racy, homely, or merely different words from our own dialects. If it be asked what was the special characteristic of the later phase of its growth before the war, the answer would surely be the recognition of slang. Now slang is itself a sign of health and vigour. It is a sign that people are enjoying life. Often, it is true, a slang expression is used as a lazy substitute for the exact term. But so is the sprawling Latin polysyllable; and the making of a short and expressive slang phrase shows more mental alertness than



the splicing of "-ational" or "-ismatic" to some overworked Latin or Greek derivative. In the life of individual words the triumph of slang may seem ephemeral. Natural selection works with extreme dispatch in its dealings with slang; the death-rate almost catches up the births. But the words that do outlive the deadly period of infancy thereby evince a rich survival value, and take their place among the lustiest members of the vocabulary. Amid the tremendous discharge of all forms of vital energy called out by a war of such colossal magnitude.

War, we know, is the mother of invention. This is the province in which a large output of new words will be looked for with certainty. During the war almost every branch of industry has contributed to the military effort; but the majority of the new technical words, or the words that have made their way from technical terminology into the common language, relate, as would be expected, to the three arms, the land, the sea, and the air services. Names of explosives have usually been fabricated by the straightforward method of combining the names or parts of names of bases, as in "amatol" or "ammonal," sometimes with the orthodox prefix or suffix, as in "trinitrotoluene," which the munitioneer shortened to T.N.T. and the expert called "trotyl." Such names as "ballistite," "trional," and "filite" reveal their etymology at a glance.

The War Office has not supplied many brand-new words, but it has given the lexicographer plenty to do in illustrating new uses of old ones. Its chief exploit was to make the word "tank" historical. This was used in official correspondence as a covering word for the engines of war destined to have such epoch-making results, but word and thing proved to be inseparable. On the other hand, the War Office can hardly be congratulated on two verbs applied to the transport of troops by motor-vehicles, "debus" and "embus." As in the past, the larger proportion of our military terms have been borrowed from the French, the most military nation in Europe. "Barrage" has been reimported with a new meaning, and often with a new pronunciation. "Fougasse," "boyau," "camion," "banquette" (firing-step), "liaison-officer," are novelties. But these have not had the popular success of "camouflage," a word that in its substantive, verbal, and metaphorical phases has met with more wear and tear in a few months than many receive in a century. We adopted the "soixante-quinzes" as the "seventy-fives," a name that has become historical next only to "tank." Nor must translated phrases like "mass of manœuvre" be overlooked, which quickly passed through the hands of the expounder of strategy into the daily paper.

Both the military and the naval word-makers, however, have fortunately made ample use of native resources. "Depth-charge," "fire-control," "mine-field," "mine-sweeper," "star-shell," "smoke-helmet," and even "liquid fire" and "poison gas," if not entirely Anglo-Saxon, are offspring of the same ancient instinct that gave us "war-gear," "mead-bench," and "heath-stepper." For a well-known method of range-finding the Army has the term "bracketing," and the Navy the term "straddling."

The compound term makes excellent material for slang, and is freely employed in finding a language for new industries—aerial navigation, for instance. "Air-base," "aircraft," "airman," "air-mechanic," "air-pocket," "air-raid," "air-scout," "airship," and "anti-aircraft" are now everyday terms. There has been a persevering effort to get "airplane" adopted, but it seems to have been given up as a bad job. When the thing itself was new and strange, the more erudite "aeroplane" fitted appropriately. A home-made term does not make the right appeal for an invention verging on the marvellous, and when the invention has become familiar, christening time has gone by. "Far-writing" or "distance-writing" would have stood no chance in the early days of telegraphy, though "wireless" now comes quite natural, as an adjective, a noun, or a verb. "Aerogram" has been accepted from the French, from which have also come "fuselage" and "ballonet." "Taube," "Fokker," and "Gotha," names of well-known German warplanes, can hardly be said to be naturalized. What may be called air-lingo comprises such verbs as "bank" and "zoom," the latter obviously onomatopœic, together with such terms of affection as "the old bus," and unmitigated slang, like "hickboo" for an air-raid, "to huff" for "to kill," and the humorous "Archie" for a member of the anti-aircraft force. This "caught on" from the refrain of a popular song, "Archibald, certainly not!" referring ironically to the extreme rarity of the authenticated hits. Typical of the technical terms that have become widely current may be noted "radio" from "radiotelegram," a wireless message; "duralium," which seems to have ousted the pre-war "duralumin"; "tractor-plough" and "tractor-plane"; and the medical words "ankylose," "antitetanic," "asepsis," "coagulen," and "Siamese grafting." "Bar" and "millibar" have appeared in the newspapers with the post-war revival of meteorology. "Hay-box," a device used in the new cookery, may have been introduced before the war, but certainly is not known to pre-war dictionaries.

The mortal issues of the time fully account for the abundant literature of that borderland subject, psychic science. Curative treatment based on Freudian theories has also found its opportunities among those afflicted with loss of memory and other nervous disorders due to the accidents of war. Let us cull a few of the terms that may perhaps survive the precarious period of novelty. "Auto-suggestion" we already knew; but we know it better now from the mere fact that it has a rival in "psycho-analysis." "Cryptoid," "hypnoid," "mediumistic," "to motorize," "motricity," "telepsychy," "cryptopsychy," and "parapsychical" may secure a permanent footing, or may prove to be merely hasty technical makeshifts.

One Freudian term has already made its way into the more refined sort of slang. A "mental complex" in the language of the alienist described a group of obsessions which is commonly a first symptom of insanity. Roughly it corresponds to the old phrase "a fixed idea." Without the adjective, "a complex" is now a polite euphemism for a bee in one's bonnet, and hints at the general view that most of us are more or less insane.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

## REVIEWS

## A SCEPTICAL PATRICIAN

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (Constable. 21s. net.)

COLONEL SMITH was a person of consideration in the Massachusetts Bay Colony; somewhat against his wishes, his daughter married John Adams, said to be descended from a bricklayer. John Adams, the second President of the United States, had, by his wife Abigail, John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States. John Quincy Adams begat Charles Francis Adams, Minister at the Court of St. James's under President Lincoln; and Charles Francis Adams had, by his wife Abigail, Henry Brooks Adams, the author of this autobiography.

Henry Adams was furthermore well connected; his grandfather Brooks was the richest man in Boston, and his uncle was President of Harvard College. The Unitarian pulpits of Boston were held by other relatives or connections. Henry Adams was born in 1838, and by 1905, when he wrote, he had known a surprising number of people in America and Europe and turned his mind to a surprising variety of studies. It is doubtful whether the book ought to be called an autobiography, for there is too little of the author in it; or whether it may be called Memoirs—for there is too much of the author in it; or a treatise on historical method, which in parts it is. For those who may be interested in different parts of the book the work may be separated as follows.

After the first few chapters, which deal with Adams's life as a boy in Boston, come his experiences and observations as an attaché of the Ministry in London during the Civil War: observations, often illuminating, of the British statesmen of the day, Palmerston, Russell, Bright, and others; some of the men of letters, like Monckton Milnes and Swinburne; and generally on London society of mid-Victoria. This part of the story will provide most entertainment for English readers. The personalities are thin, but not always formal:

The older daughter of the Milne Gaskells had married Francis Turner Palgrave . . . Old Sir Francis, the father, had been much the greatest of all the historians of England, the only one who was un-English; and the reason of his superiority lay in his name, which was Cohen, and his mind, which was Cohen also, or at least not English. He had changed his name to Palgrave in order to please his wife . . .

The comments of a young man, recollected in septuagenarian tranquillity, are honest, and, though not subtle, are pleasing:

Barring the atrocious insolence and brutality which Englishmen and especially Englishwomen showed to each other—very rarely, indeed, to foreigners—English society was much more easy and tolerant than American.

Balmoral was a startling revelation of royal taste. Nothing could be worse than the toilettes at Court unless it was the way they were worn . . . Fashion was not fashionable in London until the Americans and the Jews were let loose . . . There was not then—outside of a few bankers or foreigners—a good cook or a good table in London . . . If there was a well-dressed woman at table, she was either an American or "Fast." . . . The result was mediæval, and amusing; sometimes coarse to a degree that might have startled a roustabout [*i.e.* navvy] and sometimes courteous and considerate to a degree that suggested King Arthur's Round Table . . .

These are revelations which are now household words, but it is pleasant to find that they were discovered, in 1862, by a serious young American of the best social position and an earnest desire to study the world and improve his mind and manners.

The second part of the book, concerned with the personalities in the quite sordid American politics from the reign of President Grant, is of even greater interest to those who are interested in the subject. This is as far as the book can be catalogued and indexed. The really impressive interest is in the mind of the author, and in the American mind, or that fragment of it, which he represents.

Henry Adams was an American patrician who had quite sufficient money, the best introductions, and no vocation forced upon him. An English analogy for Henry Adams would have been a George Wyndham; he would have found the straight road in politics, and he would have occupied his considerable leisure with writing on history, or archaeology, or numismatics, or even metaphysics. The American was born to the governing-class tradition without the inherited power, and he was born to exercise governance, not to acquire it. He was much more refined than the equivalent Englishman, and had less vitality, though a remarkably restless curiosity, eager but unsensuous. And his very American curiosity was directed and misdirected by two New England characteristics: conscientiousness and scepticism.

Here is precisely what makes the book, as an "autobiography," wholly different from any European autobiography worth reading. Adams is perpetually busy with himself. Many of the best autobiographies have been by men who considered themselves more interesting than anybody else, even exclusively interesting; and their effrontery interests you in them. But Adams is superlatively modest, diffident. Conscience told him that one must be a learner all one's life, and as he had the financial means to gratify his conscience, he did so. This is conspicuously a Puritan inheritance: if some millionaires and philanthropists are occupied in doing good to others, and by force, in cheerful innocence of any need of cleansing or furnishing their own minds, still there are always others whose conscience lays upon them the heavy burden of self-improvement. They are usually sensitive people, and they want to do something great; dogged by the shadow of self-conscious incompetence, they are predestined failures.

The caricature which represents a nationality to foreigners is usually completed in its own country by an equally extreme antithesis. Against the naive, Adams represents the in some ways precociously and immaturely sophisticated American. Conscience made him aware that he had been imperfectly educated at Harvard and Berlin, and that there was a vague variety of things he ought to know about. He was also aware, as most Bostonians are, of the narrowness of the Boston horizon. But working with and against conscience was the Boston doubt: a scepticism which is difficult to explain to those who are not born to it. This scepticism is a product, or a cause, or a concomitant, of Unitarianism; it is not destructive, but it is dissolvent. When Emerson as a young man stood in his pulpit and made clear to his congregation that he could no longer administer the Communion, he impressed upon them that he had no prejudice and passed no judgment upon those who continued in the practice, but that he could take no part himself—because (in his own words) it did not interest him. That is an instance of the point of view of several thousands of well-bred people in a provincial American town; and, arrested at the point of ecclesiastical procedure, it is not without an austere grandeur. Henry Adams was of a later generation; a great many things interested him; but he could believe in nothing: neither in the sagacity of British statesmanship, nor in the perfection of the American form of government, nor in the New World, nor in the Old; not in Darwinism, or in Karl Pearson, or Ernst Mach, or in the wickedness of large issues of paper currency. He wrote a serious article for the *North American Review* in which he demolished the myths which had been erected around Pocahontas, the Indian Queen, and the pleasure of demolition turned to ashes in his mouth. As for Evolution,

Neither in the *Limulus* nor in the *Terebratula*, nor in the *Cestracion Philippi*, any more than the *Pteraspis*, could one conceive an ancestor, but, if one must, the choice mattered little.

Wherever this man stepped, the ground did not simply



give way, it flew into particles; towards the end of his life he came across the speculations of Poincaré, and science disappeared, entirely. He was seeking for education, with the wings of a beautiful but ineffectual conscience beating vainly in a vacuum jar. He found, at best, two or three friends, notably the great John Hay, who had been engaged in settling the problems of China and Cuba and Manchuria. Adams yearned for unity, and found it, after a fashion, by writing a book on the thirteenth century.

The Erinnys which drove him madly through seventy years of search for education—the search for what, upon a lower plane, is called culture—left him much as he was born: well-bred, intelligent, and uneducated. He had attended to everything, respectfully, had accumulated masses of information and known nearly everybody; but he was unaware that education—the education of an individual—is a by-product of being interested, passionately absorbed. He had been too respectful of whatever was important, he laughed at nothing. It is not at all that he was an *amateur*; he would have liked to have been professional in everything; he abandoned lecturing at Harvard because of his doubts of the value of lecturing and the capacity of his pupils; but he had gone at the task in a thoroughly professional way. His extreme sensitiveness to all the suggestions which dampen enthusiasm or dispel conviction may be responsible for what one feels in him as immaturity, indeed as a lack of personality; an instability. The immaturity is marked: we are acutely, painfully aware of an elderly man approaching a new subject of study with "This will be good for me!" *That* is the type of egotism of Henry Adams; it is not a kind which we should expect to provide an agreeable autobiography; but Adams's is a remarkable confession of that peculiar mind.

For the immaturity there may be another reason. It is probable that men ripen best through experiences which are at once sensuous and intellectual; certainly many men will admit that their keenest ideas have come to them with the quality of a sense-perception; and that their keenest sensuous experience has been "as if the body thought." There is nothing to indicate that Adams's senses either flowered or fruited: he remains little Paul Dombey asking questions. Compare him with a man whom he now and then reminds us of: Henry Adams in 1858, and Henry James in 1870 (both at still receptive ages), land at Liverpool and descend at the same hotel.

The small hour was just that of my having landed at Liverpool in the gusty, cloudy, overwhelmingly English morning, and pursued, with immediate intensities of appreciation, . . . a course which had seated me at a late breakfast in the coffee-room of the old Adelphi Hotel ("Radley's," as I had to deplore its lately having ceased to be dubbed), and handed me over without a scruple to my fate. This doom of inordinate exposure to appearances, aspects, images, every protrusive item almost . . . I regard in other words as having settled upon me once for all while I observed for instance that in England the plate of buttered muffin and its cover . . .

So far James. And Adams:

The ocean, the Persia, Captain Judkins, and Mr. G. P. R. James, the most distinguished passenger, vanished one Sunday morning in a furious gale in the Mersey, to make place for the drearier picture of a Liverpool street as seen from the Adelphi coffee-room in November muck, followed instantly by the passionate delights of Chester and the romance of red-sandstone architecture.

The contrast could be carried further with James's memories of Tennyson and George Eliot against Adams on, say, Monckton Milnes. Henry James was not, by Adams's standards, "educated," but particularly limited; it is the sensuous contributor to the intelligence that makes the difference.

Henry James, however, was comparatively parvenu. He did not have the Presidents, the Minister, the Unitarian clergy in force behind him. Still, Colonel Smith, according to his portrait, was fat, florid, and well-fed; and John Adams, severer in features, has a very substantial appearance, and a face worried, if at all, chiefly by questions of foreign and domestic policy.

T. S. E.

## THE INFANCY OF SOCIALISM

A HISTORY OF BRITISH SOCIALISM. By M. Beer. With an Introduction by R. H. Tawney, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Vol. I. (Bell & Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an extraordinarily good book, the outcome of many years of patient research. Mr. Tawney's Introduction informs us that the second volume was nearly completed at the outbreak of the war, and will, it is hoped, appear on the return of peace. Mr. Beer has performed a labour of love in rescuing the work of many British pioneers from the oblivion to which the carelessness of their countrymen would confine them. "From the thirteenth century to the present day," he says, "the stream of Socialism and social reform has largely been fed by British thought and experiment. Mediæval schoolmen and statesmen, modern political philosophers, economists, poets and philanthropists of the British Isles have explored its course and enriched its volume, but left it to writers of other nations to name and describe it." His preface, evidently written before the outbreak of the war, takes a view of our mental character which is flattering and somewhat unusual:

The English intellect, from its sheer recklessness, is essentially revolutionary, probably more so than the French intellect. But since 1688 it has been the endeavour of English statesmen and educators to impart to the nation a conservative, cautiously moving temper, a distrust of generalisation, an aversion from carrying theory to its logical conclusions. . . . In periods of general upheavals, however, when the dynamic forces of society are vehemently asserting themselves, the English are apt to throw their mental ballast overboard and take the lead in revolutionary thought and action. In such a period we are living now.

The first and shorter Part of this book deals with mediæval ideas and their collapse, down to the year 1760. Mr. Beer complains of the lack of a book on the English schoolmen, of whose political ideas he gives a concise account. We wonder how many of the inhabitants of the village of Ockham are aware that it gave its name to one of the great minds of the world. Mr. Beer suggests that perhaps Hales, Duns Scotus and Ockham are "regarded as foreigners because the first died at Paris, the second at Cologne, and the third at Munich." Duns Scotus has left no trace in the national life beyond the word "dunce"—a warning to philosophers as to what the English think of thought.

It is and always has been the practice of the human race to put to death those who first advocate the ideas which are afterwards found most conducive to the welfare of mankind. About half the pioneers mentioned in this book were executed by due process of law; most of the rest underwent long terms of imprisonment. We learn, incidentally, that an ancestor of Keir Hardie was hanged for high treason in 1820 because he advocated a general strike for the purpose of obtaining universal suffrage.

The book is a history of ideas rather than of political movements. The ideas that underlie Socialism are explicit in More's Utopia, and Mr. Beer shows that they were common among men of learning throughout the Middle Ages. What makes the political difference between one age and another is not the ideas of the thoughtful minority, but the occupations and economic interests of the ordinary men and women. The fact that Socialism is no longer a speculation of the few, but a powerful force capable of dethroning monarchs and altering the constitution of society, is due to the progress of economic, political and military organization. The ideas of the schoolmen were inherited by the extremists of the Civil War, who were the first in England to form groups for the purpose of carrying out communism. Throughout almost the whole period dealt with in this volume, communistic groups were too weak numerically to aim at altering the State. The Diggers of 1649, who set to work to dig up and cultivate



St. George's Hill near Esher in a spirit of Christian communism, may be regarded as initiating the long series of attempts to found small societies on ideal lines in the midst of an unregenerate environment. They preached and practised non-resistance, and Cromwell had no difficulty in suppressing them. It is surprising how long Socialists continued to believe in the usefulness of separate little colonies of the elect cut off from the general life of the world. And even now there are those who imagine that there can be victorious national Socialism while other nations adhere to the capitalist régime. The doctrine of the inevitable unity of the world is hard for impatient reformers, but those who forget it are doomed to futility. The very progress of industrialism which has caused the spread of Socialism has also made the world an economic whole, and has swept away the former independence of the separate nations.

The second Part of Mr. Beer's book begins with the economic revolution, and closes with the era of disappointment after the passing of the Reform Bill. His summary of the period preceding the Reform Bill agitation is so admirable that we shall quote it as a sample of many others :

From a sociological point of view, the period from 1760 to 1825 exhibits four phases. The first phase was purely parliamentary and constitutional ; its protagonists, Wilkes and "Junius," fought against the oligarchy and the remnants of personal monarchy ; this phase is outside the plan of our work. The second phase was mainly agrarian ; the effects of the rapid rate of enclosing farms and commons as well as of the improvements in agriculture turned the attention of revolutionary minds towards agrarian reform ; its writers were Spence, Ogilvie and Paine. The third phase was caused by enthusiasm for the French Revolution on the part of English intellectuals and London artisans, whose minds had been prepared by the theories which were current in the antecedent two phases ; its writers were William Godwin, the youthful Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth and John Thelwall. The fourth phase was that of the industrial revolution proper, the first critical writer of which was Charles Hall, followed by Robert Owen and his school, and the anti-capitalist critics, Ravenstone, Hodgskin, and several anonymous writers ; the poet of this phase was Shelley. The common basis of all those writers consisted mainly of natural laws as they found it in Locke's "On Civil Government." This small treatise became their Bible, particularly after its theories had been consecrated by the success of the American Revolution, and had come back to England from France endowed with the fiery soul of Rousseau.

The first use of the word "Socialist," we are told, is in 1827, in the *Co-operative Magazine*, an Owenite publication. The word meant at that time an Owenite co-operator, not what it has since come to mean. Owen's influence is powerfully felt throughout the movements dealt with in the later chapters of the book, and its strength is shown in the opposition which Owen was able to maintain against the doctrine of the class-war, which became prevalent in Labour circles after the passing of the Reform Bill. Socialism in a more modern sense arose, as an economic theory, largely out of Ricardo's doctrine that labour is the measure of value. Mr. Beer maintains that most of the controversies promoted in Germany by Marx's "Capital" were fought out in essence in England between 1820 and 1830, and he gives an excellent account of the more or less Socialist writers who based themselves upon Ricardo—Thompson, Hodgskin, Ravenstone and the rest. We think, however, that he somewhat over-estimates these writers as compared with their continental successors. He himself points out that their criticism of capitalist society was made largely from the point of view of those who simply regretted the growth of industrialism and failed to see what was progressive in capitalism. In this respect Marx, with his conceptions of necessary epochs in economic development, and his realization of the revolutionary achievements of capitalism as against the old order, is immeasurably superior in intellectual power to any of his English precursors. One cannot say of him, what Mr. Beer truly says *à propos* of the British Socialists of the '20's, that

most writers on subjects of moral philosophy, social and economic science, and history of nations, form their conceptions not from phenomena which are in the process of shaping themselves, but from phenomena which already belong to the past.

This observation, we fear, has been true of the immense majority of philosophers, ever since Aristotle failed to notice the doings of Philip and Alexander. It will always be true of men whose ideas are derived from books and "culture" rather than from contact with men and affairs.

In some ways the most interesting chapters in the book are the last three, which deal with the rise of Chartism, the alliance of Labour with the middle class in the fight for the Reform Bill, and their separation after it was found that the Bill had done nothing for the working class. Chartism had all the characteristics, except experience, that mark a modern Labour movement, including the doctrine of the class-war, and the conflict as to political and industrial methods. Its chief organ, the *Poor Man's Guardian*, defied the stamp-tax to which all newspapers were liable, and appeared at a penny, with the announcement on each number : "Established contrary to Law to try the power of Might against Right." Nowadays such a contest would be quickly decided, but in those times the State was less powerful or less determined. The *Poor Man's Guardian* was closely connected with "The London National Union of the Working Classes," founded in 1831, a body of great importance in the history of Socialist ideas. Starting from Owenism, it gave rise to the Chartist movement and to discussions in which such modern policies as Syndicalism were (except in name) invented and first advocated. A good deal of what Mr. Beer has to tell concerning these discussions is, so far as we know, new, and some of it is surprising. It appears, for example, that in 1833, twenty-six years before the "Origin of Species," meetings of working men were discussing the "Simian hypothesis" that men were descended from the lower animals.

Coming to matters more nearly allied to Socialism, we find an account of William Benbow, the inventor of the general strike as a method of changing the economic constitution of society. His pamphlet on the subject bore the attractive title : "Grand National Holiday and Congress of the Productive Classes." Every working-class family was to lay in a store of food, and stop work for a month : the month was to be devoted to concerting unity of action in the future and to devising the best constitution of society. The actual phrase "general strike" was not used by Benbow, but was adopted by the trade unions, and is found as early as 1834. In these years, 1832-4, the trade unions were Syndicalist in outlook. They had been induced to support the Reform Bill, but the outcome had disgusted them with political methods. The degree to which modern ideas were anticipated is shown, for example, in an article in the *Crisis* (April 12, 1834) containing such passages as :

We have never yet had a House of Commons. The only House of Commons is a House of Trades, and that is only just beginning to be formed. We shall have a new set of boroughs when the unions are organised : every trade shall be a borough, and every trade shall have a council of representatives to conduct its affairs.

But the movement was short-lived. There was a general collapse in working-class movements in 1834, with which Mr. Beer's first volume ends. Every student of the history of ideas must earnestly hope that nothing will happen to prevent the publication of the second volume. It would be difficult to imagine a book more fair-minded than Mr. Beer's, or showing more mastery of the voluminous material of his subject. In spite of his great erudition, he never loses himself in detail, but, shows himself at his best in his general summaries. In conclusion, we wish to associate ourselves with some wise words of Mr. Tawney's :

At a time when to speak of the unity of Europe seems a cruel jest, a work like that of Mr. Beer, the history by an Austrian scholar of the English contribution to an international movement, is not only a valuable addition to historical knowledge, but a reminder that there are intellectual bonds which preceded the war and will survive it.

## LATIN EPIGRAPHY

**LATIN EPIGRAPHY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.** By Sir John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., F.B.A. With 50 Illustrations. (Cambridge, University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

IT often happens that we can find in a minor art a more useful key to the understanding of great peoples than in other arts for which they are more famous. Their great arts secure for them their places in the history of human achievement; but if we wish to know their character, as we should wish to know the character of the individual artist, we must view them in a more limited field of endeavour, where they are, so to speak, at home. For Athens, supreme in sculpture, such a characteristic minor art may be found in vase-decoration; for Renaissance Italy, supreme in painting, it is the medal; for Elizabethan England, supreme in drama, it is, perhaps, the sonnet. If we look for a similar sidelight on the creative genius of Rome, whose mightiest contributions to human culture lie in her architecture and her law, we may find it in her inscriptions.

Among the testimonies to the importance of his subject which Sir John Sandys has collected is a saying of Samuel Parr to Samuel Butler of Shrewsbury: "It is all very well to say that So-and-so is a good scholar, but can he write an inscription?" It may be that Parr was a pedant, thinking merely of neatness of phrase; but, properly taken, such a question need not be mere pedantry; it may be a demand for that clearness of vision which, accompanying a skilful use of a dignified medium of utterance, can turn an epigram into a great work of art. Latin is the medium which, for its sonority and conciseness, has been chosen for such a purpose by the masters of expression ever since antiquity. Greek inscriptions have more variety of interest; occasionally, as in the Simonidean epigram, they may rise to a supreme height of inspiration; but, just because the Greek mind was so complex and subtle, we have to go to other products of the race to find its more intimate aspects adequately expressed. On the other hand, the bald yet dignified simplicity of the Latin inscription at its best is entirely in keeping with Roman tradition and Roman ideals. In their lack of all artifice, their conventional praise, their plain enumeration of the achievements of the dead, perhaps even, if modern critics are right, in their exaggeration of their importance, what could be more Roman than the rude Saturnian lines on Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus? "Son of Gnæus, a brave man and wise, whose beauty did closely match his virtue; he was your consul, censor, ædile; he took Taurasia, Cisauna, Samnium, subdued all Lucania, and brought away hostages." Equally Roman, equally dignified in its praise of conventional domestic virtue, is the famous epitaph on a Roman matron ending: *domum servavit, lanam fecit; dixi, abi*.

The external features of Roman inscriptions, as distinct from their content, are no less characteristic of the race. First of all, there is the fine, bold lettering, which has made the Augustan lapidary style a model for all time to come. This is simply an example of the perfected instrument: it was no "artistic" ideal, in the narrow sense of the word, that prompted the development of this fine lettering, but merely the sensible, serious Roman choice of the forms and spacing, the *ductus literarum*, most clearly to be read, and most apt to strike the eye without distracting the mind from the meaning of the text. The tradition of noble lettering has lasted down through the Renaissance to the present day in Italy, where in many a provincial town the very names of the streets are a joy to the eye. In England the seventeenth century created a fine and characteristic monumental epigraphy,

but the tradition was soon lost. Amid all the pother that is being made nowadays about lettering, we might do worse than ponder that example, though we need not copy its forms. Another typically Roman element in Latin inscriptions is the prodigal abundance of abbreviations. That passion for organization and system, which in the practical Roman genius took the place of imagination, fastened on a certain rather obvious truth, to which the more artistic Greek had been blind. All those formulæ which recurred so constantly, instead of being written out in full as they had been in Attica and Asia Minor, could be reduced, with proper organization, to a mere string of initials. At the time everybody knew what they meant, as everybody in another great system, the British Army, can read the abbreviations which disfigure its records. Posterity will have no less difficulty in acquiring the key to them than the modern epigraphist has in making out Roman inscriptions. Doubtless too, even as in mediæval times, it would seem, seven letters or an ancient stone were interpreted by devotees of St. Agatha as an epitaph of angelic origin, the inventive faculty will have its way with them. Meanwhile, Roman inscriptions, in this respect at least, provide a striking contradiction of Poincaré's plausible saying: "Economy of thought, that economy of effort which, according to Mach, is the constant tendency of science, is a source of beauty as well as a practical advantage." For beauty you must have the sympathetic imagination, the lack of which, at once the weakness and strength of the Romans, could not be better exemplified than in the spirit which allowed S.T.T.L. to stand on tombstones for *sit tibi terra levis*.

Generalities such as these may seem to have little to do with Sir John's admirable text-book. Nevertheless, his treatment of his matter inevitably suggests broader considerations. Throughout, even while compiling information for the student who wishes to get up the subject, he writes as a humanist rather than as a professional epigraphist. This enables him to view in a more just perspective the relation of his material to humanistic studies in general, and to assign to such arid questions as the Roman name and the *Cursus Honorum* a more reasonable proportion of space than will be found in other manuals. He thus obtains room for a section on the references to inscriptions by classical writers, a new aspect of the subject. The historian of classical scholarship naturally deals as a master with the history of epigraphic study; we miss only one book that we should have liked to see mentioned among the early collections, the "*Imagines et elogia virorum illustrium*" of Fulvius Ursinus. In the second edition we may suggest a concession to the field-worker in the shape of a little more practical advice about the process of making copies and impressions and preparing them for reproduction.

G. F. H.

## HEARD MELODY

Write joyful things, my pen;  
Discover laughter, mind;  
Believe humanity in men;  
In suffering beauty find.

The pianola in the room beyond  
Ripples a melody such as this  
Of a world made crystal in the placid pond,  
Finality caught in a kiss.

I copy it; my pen  
Scores all that should be blurred,  
And I am struck to the heart again  
By the anguish of a word.

HENRY KING.



## UNCLE REMUS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Julia Collier Harris. (Constable. 18s. net.)

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS never took himself quite seriously as a literary personage. The book that brought him fame was, he always maintained, "just an accident." He was the least pompous of men. "All I did," he said, "was to write out and put into print the stories I had heard all my life." He had no knowledge of folk-lore, and no idea that in recording the talk of American negroes he was collecting it. He began to write "Uncle Remus" in order to continue a negro "feature" in the *Atlanta Constitution*. To be entertaining was his only literary law. Whatever scientific value the stories might have he left for the folk-lore collector to pick out and preserve "with as little cackling as possible." They were written for the fun of the thing, and it is for their fun that we read them. Brer Rabbit coming along the road "lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity," has the gaiety of fine weather in his heels; and when the Tar-baby is hit on the side of the head "blip," or Brer Fox knocks at the door "blam," or Brer Tarrypin falls off Brer Buzzard's back "kerplunk," the sound of a romp comes into the printed pages. Chandler Harris himself seems to have enjoyed them as much as the small child who says for its first sentence "bout a story," and for its second sentence "bout a Tar-baby."

It is not only with their fun, however, that the "Uncle Remus" stories capture the child's mind. In recording them Harris restored to the civilized world a part of its most deep-rooted imaginings. Towns and guns, railways and level fields, have obliterated the fear of wild beasts from mature breasts. Our fears have vaguer, if no less terrible shapes; but for children the night is filled with creatures crouching to spring, and the eyes of wolves still gleam in every dark shrubbery. It was the helpless slave, Harris suggested, who made a triumphant hero of the helpless hare. But it was, I fancy, primitive man who first beguiled his precarious hours with tales of the baffling of large fierce animals by a creature comparatively toothless and clawless, and almost more timid than himself. It is because of their excitingness, their hide-and-seek and slightly ogreish element, and above all for the improbable victories of the hunted, that children love them.

Until the publication of "Uncle Remus," "Red Riding Hood" and "Silverlocks" were the only nursery stories of the kind. "Red Riding Hood" is by comparison a piece of harsh realism, however. In its original form, and properly told, it reduces a sensitive child to tears. It is a bogey tale dating from the days when English wolves were not only a Yorkshire legend, but substantial facts. It was intended to make the mediæval child "come straight home," and it doubtless usually succeeded. A milder generation has added the Green Huntsman, personification of all rescuers; and a still later one, permitting its artistic conscience to be overborne by howls, has even plucked the grandmother alive from the wicked wolf's entrails. At its best "Red Riding Hood" is a moral tale indicating the sad consequences of speaking to strangers.

"Silverlocks" is much more nearly in the "Uncle Remus" tradition. Hers are the heartless rogueries of Brer Rabbit—his curiosity, his greed, his good-luck. She is every pretty little girl that ever peeped into a chocolate box. One wonders how Southey came to think of her. He had, we may be sure, when he was writing about her as little thought of immortality as Chandler Harris. She did not seem important. He did not foresee that she would be a reality when her author's name and other works had been forgotten. For her, as for "Red Riding Hood," however, the modern child insists upon

a different ending. It is not enough that Silverlocks escapes out of the window and never stops running till she gets safe home. The Three Bears must lean out of the window and call her back and make friends with her. The modern child is devoted to Baby Bear, and prepared to lead the lion and the lamb at any time.

It is for this sort of reason, I think, that the "Tar-baby" is far and away the most popular of Chandler Harris's stories. There is no cruelty in it—none of the thoughts of vengeance that warmed the shivering bones of primitive man. It is a folk-tale that time has softened. No one wants Brer Rabbit to come back and make friends with Brer Fox; that would be too soft and silly. Brer Rabbit shouts his derision and combs the tar out of his whiskers, and Brer Fox is left rubbing the dust out of his eyes. Everything is as it should be. Mercy and fiction have kissed each other.

Another thing that these three stories have in common is that they are the spoken and not the printed word. Each nursery makes its own version, and the voices of the beasts vary with the voices of the tellers. Hans Andersen depends on certain graces of arrangement for his effects; "Alice" needs an accurate memory to bring out her "comedy" points; but the earliest stories of all have to be listened to eye to eye with the relater, and without the barrier of a book. As a result, there must be as many versions of the "Tar-baby" as of "Binnorie" or "Lord Rendal." It is folk-lore that has been grafted on to the stem of everyday life, and has in it the possibility of endless variations.

There is little in Joel Chandler Harris's life apart from "Uncle Remus" to interest English readers. He was an immensely kind, likeable and unassuming man; but when he wrote as himself, and not as the reporter of the "ole nigger," it is difficult to understand how his contemporaries came to regard him as a wit. One cannot help feeling rather appalled, to put it mildly, at the facetiousness that expressed itself in this red-nosed-comedian fashion in the Visitors' Book of an hotel: "J. C. Harris, one wife, two bow-legged children, and a bilious nurse." He himself used to declare that "another fellow" came and took his pen when he began to write, and an interviewer described him as "a little man, just turned thirty-one, with red hair, a fiery, half-vicious moustache and freckled face and hands. His eyes are all that belong to Mr. Joel C. Harris; all other things, hair, complexion, hands, chin and manner, are the property of Joe Harris." He seems to exemplify the interesting and fantastic theory that a man may become for certain periods the mouth-piece of something greater than himself—a Dæmon or a racial mind. He is a case, not of Jekyll and Hyde, but of Jekyll and genius.

S. J.

SIR JOSEPH J. THOMSON, O.M., President of the Royal Society and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed, by an Order of Council dated May 8, a member of the Advisory Council to the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

At the meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers on April 29, it was announced that the Council had made the following awards for papers read and discussed during the session 1918-19: a Telford Gold Medal to George Hughes (Horwich), a Telford Gold Medal and an Indian Premium to R. B. Joyner (Bombay), a Watt Gold Medal to W. S. Abell (London), a George Stephenson Gold Medal to the Hon. R. C. Parsons (London), a Webb Prize to F. E. Gobey (Horwich), Telford Premiums to James Caldwell and H. B. Sayers (London), J. Reney Smith (Liverpool), and F. W. Scott (Benoni, Transvaal), and a Manby Prize to E. L. Leemine (Manchester).



## THE TRUE TRAVELLER

ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD. By Edmund Candler. With 35 Illustrations and a Map. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)

**F**EW of us English can weave the strands of our heartstrings into the web of our wanderings to such purpose that the telling of our Odysseys awakens in others the dead or blunted memories of old yearnings on the Lonely Road. We are a crude people in the main, and cannot look into the magic inkpool of Reality, so as to see the vision splendid which lies behind the glossy black; we blur the image of our own feelings by a dull crassness which fears to believe in our thralldom to those legacies of Birth, Love, and Death—longing for home, heartsickness, sorrow—and of these the worst is the first. But from time to time comes a traveller, not merely one who can see nothing in Ariadne's clue save a surveying chain, or a bloody hunter, or a dry-as-dust groping below the earth for beauty; but one whose heart is in sympathy with the people among whom he sojourns, who does not disdain to catch at the waves of his emotions, and, because he is made thus, has no fear to tell his untrammelled thoughts.

The golden vein of sadness which traverses the pages of Mr. Edmund Candler's book brings up the picture of his pathetically gallant figure riding through the streets of Baghdad one sultry evening, and the memory of it all—horseman, quiescent dust, soft-footed Arab shuffle, and hell-born summer—quickens to life the thousand impressions which flit across the leaves of his story. Here is no tale of melodrama: just the acceptance of the part which Fate demands that he shall play, whirled hither and thither in the current of chance, now making pilgrimage to Kashmir, now tramping the ankle-deep dust of the Tigris flats alongside of dust-powdered Englishmen on the way to Mosul, now taking pleasant holiday with a houseboat in India. He who has footed it or ridden in strange lands, not only because there were horned animals to kill, or some material end to serve, will find in the Eyewitness for Mesopotamia a brother in that small guild of wanderers who love the road for its own sake.

Before the war Mr. Candler sought the Cave of Amarnath, the dwelling of Shiva in Kashmir, in company with a train of Indian pilgrims. These palmers—some renouncing the pomps and vanities, some seeking male offspring, some merely charlatans and humbugs—swarm to the cave in mid-August:—

Their camp lay at the junction of two narrow gorges where the crags meet high above the stream like huge natural gates. Beautiful glades of maple and pine and silver birch hung over them, and the freshness of this delicate orchard-like greenery folded in the titanic arms of the cliff, underneath the naked limestone, with the snows glistening over all, appealed to me more than anything I had seen up to that time in Kashmir.

Then he wandered among the mountains round Nanga Parbat, north of Srinagar, in spite of the contempt of Anglo-Indians (that is, the English in India) for his unorthodoxy in sport, against the respectable traditions laid down by Badminton. Once, returning from Baltistan, he took holiday in an ark on the Woollar Lake in Kashmir; at another time he went over the Khyber; and a third part of his book he has devoted to war in Mesopotamia and Persia.

Whether observing flowers or men, he is equally apt in his description. He is shrewdly correct in saying that the *Jehad*, or Holy War, which was an untimely

birth begotten by German machinations, deceived no one in Persia; the glimpse he gives of the turquoise thistleheads of the Persian limestone ranges is true—"a princely spear-thistle and a teazel of ultramarine blue growing on the hillside." He maligns Mosul for its dirt on hearsay, for it is certainly no worse than other Eastern towns, and might even be considered better than most. Sometimes he lets misprinted names pass—"Kirkup" for Kirkuk, "Sassanidac" for Sassanidae. And when he asks why Nebuchadnezzar was content to live in a fire-pit in Babylon when he might have gone to the hills of Persia, he forgets that the Persians, who were shortly to swamp Babylonia under Cyrus, occupied those hills, hating the lowlanders with a hatred born of a national vendetta going back thousands of years. These points are of little moment; the book is so delicate in its imagery that it will find its way to the hearts of many; "there is a road," says the Turkish proverb, "from heart to heart." The photographs by Mr. Shorter are exquisite in their beauty: would also that we had been shown pictures of Minerva and Diana!

Lastly, those who know the sordid and barren solitude of scorched rock-mountains, when the only comfort is enshrined in the goatskin waterbag, and mind and body are fasting, will recognize the wave of homesickness which surged up once when Mr. Candler idly noted how his boots had cracked—the boots which he bought at Okehampton two years before, when setting out for Yes Tor:

The moonlit mystery of the folded fields, and we came into Chagford . . . and then we came to the lights of our own inn . . . there were beef and fruit-tart with cream, and Stilton cheese; and no tents to put up; and a nice clean-aproned girl with red hair and a fresh skin and a friendly laugh.

It is the last phrase which betokens the empty desolation of the wanderer—the echoing memory of the friendly laugh, when all else is grim and sorry.

## SORROWING LOVE

And again the flowers are come  
And the light shakes  
And no tiny voice is dumb,  
And a bud breaks  
On the humble bush and the proud restless tree.  
Come with me!

Look, this little flower is pink,  
And this one white.  
Here's a pearl cup for your drink,  
Here's for your delight  
A yellow one, sweet with honey,  
Here's fairy money  
Silver bright  
Scattered over the grass  
As we pass.

Here's moss. How the smell of it lingers  
On my cold fingers!  
You shall have no moss. Here's a frail  
Hyacinth, deathly pale.  
Not for you, not for you.  
And the place where they grew  
You must promise me not to discover,  
My sorrowful lover!  
Shall we never be happy again?  
Never again play?  
In vain—in vain!  
Come away!

ELIZABETH STANLEY.

## A BOUQUET

PINK ROSES. By Gilbert Cannan. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT seems that the curtain has hardly fallen upon his last appearance, but here is Mr. Cannan on the stage again. Again, with charming bravery he faces the lights, the music, the humming, hungry audience. What has he to offer? What new impersonation, what fresh, original "turn"? And are we to discover, behind him, a vast bounding landscape, very rich in light and shadow, or something gay, exquisite, dotted with bright colours like fruits, with just a line of sea to give him his far horizon? . . .

Trevor Mathew, denied the Great Adventure because of a systolic murmur of the heart, "was beginning to think he was losing his sense of humour." "He sat down in a hard green garden chair." . . . "Fifteen yards away from him a girl was sitting" . . . "her eyes were fixed on him" . . . "her left eyelid drooped, and she gave an inviting jerk of the head." . . . "Never in his life had Trevor spoken to an unknown lady." "Their chairs had been fifteen yards apart. He kept exactly" (note that: as Dostoevsky would have said) "fifteen yards behind her. As she reached Hyde Park Corner she stopped. He stopped, too, fifteen yards behind her." And so into the Café Claribel, where he sat at a table "fifteen yards away."

It is surely evident from this remarkable opening, with its ever so simple refrain of "Fifteen yards away," that our expert performer is grown ambitious of attracting the sympathies of a larger, simpler audience than was his formerly. But we must go carefully: there may be more in this than meets the astonished eye.

How friendly her smile was! How charming to be in sympathy with another human being *fifteen yards away*. He did not wish it to be any nearer, nor did he desire the adventure to proceed any further. On the other hand he would not have it come to an end. As it was it had in it an exquisite quality of happiness, of fulfilment, of poignancy—just a hint. He did not require more.

Let us be just to Mr. Cannan. If this exact measurement can convey happiness, fulfilment, just a hint of poignancy even, he cannot have marked it off lightly. These be no common garden fifteen yards. May they not be the shy beginnings of a courtship between Science and Literature—the measuring of fifteen yards of soul? . . .

Our tentative question is almost answered on the very next page: "I never thought I should be happy again." It seemed to him that he was wronging his friends to be made happy by such a little thing as the scent and sweetness of a nosegay of fresh roses." . . . How far away? Come, we all know it by this time. Now, ladies and gentlemen, please, once more, and all together, "*fifteen yards away*."

This new sense in our hero makes us eager for a fuller description of him. . . . "As he had an ample allowance the rise in prices did not affect him at all, and he remained untouched, always perfectly dressed and careful to eat in the atmosphere to which he was accustomed. . . . It was not that he did not notice shabbiness. He did, especially in boots, but he put it down to slovenliness. He was an only son."

Here, again, you observe, the apparently innocent statement is broken in upon very strangely by the "especially in boots" and the sudden hammer-like stroke, "he was an only son." Did the boots also have to be a certain distance away before—but to return to our Pink Roses.

Trevor did not see the lady again until one evening outside the café, when he bought a pup, "fortunately a male," from an old man. She was standing by, and the

innocent creature broke the ice between them; in two minutes he was in her flat and telling her, "I wanted to stay at Cambridge. I could easily have got a Fellowship. I did History in my first two years and got a First. I wanted to go on with it, but my governor insisted on my taking Law. I got a First in that, too, but there isn't much Law in practising. I mean it isn't often you get a legal point. . . . Her lips were parted, her eyes shone, her bosom rose and fell." Until, "suddenly in Trevor there came tumbling in a series of swift painful realizations that this evening was somehow very important, and that it was what he had been waiting for through the weary months of almost catalepsy. It was his chance to assert himself, to break his arranged life that was left untouched when all other arranged lives had been broken." . . .

And thus, to heal his hurt, to make him forget his too infinitely cherished friends whom the war had broken, that he might be "disturbed out of the nauseated lethargy in which his grief had left him" and "have something active working in his soul to withstand the corrosion of the war," excusing himself "on the ground that it was better for his mother to have him restored to some kind of sanity, than reduced to a frozen and insensible imbecility by the mental strain which was as bad, if not worse, than the physical strain of the trenches," the brilliant, captivating young Cambridge man decides to allow the frail but doting lady to love him for one whole year. Why not? "She was so completely, even abjectly, his, as to give him an indomitable sense of possession. She was as much his as the pup. . . ." And Mr. Cannan is sure enough of himself to cry for his hero, "After that the deluge."

But not even the sure hand of our author can make a whole satisfying meal of such an intimacy, complete with its trip to Brighton and pink satin bedroom bows, enriched by a coloured maid, a magnificent motor-car, a black chauffeur, and two comic Jews. Let us hasten to assure the reader that other meats are provided; the table veritably groans under hearty English fare. Here is the lawyer's office, dusty, traditional, with its pompous old chief and the case that never is settled; here the rosy-cheeked, silver-haired mother who trusts her boy; here the girl whose grey eyes "cannot but look direct," and who is to have what is left of Trevor after the Lady of the Roses has taught him all there is to know about women; here is the foolish old inventor in his "tattered and stained dressing-gown," whose explosions blow off "one eyebrow"; and everywhere there are large slabs of war-time conversation for ravenous youth to munch between the courses. None but the dainty or the rich need go empty away.

Surely it is a little pity that the very unpleasant subject of the war should find a place in all this plenty. Need we be told of these twinges of indigestion suffered by our hero as he takes a bite of now this—now that? The yare never more than slight twinges, never serious pangs, and as often as not cured by a chuckle. But their effect is, somehow, disastrous upon the fragile, fast-fading flowers behind which Mr. Cannan has chosen to make his bow.

K. M.

THE directors of the Louvre have taken advantage of the confusion caused by the war to make at least one drastic change in the arrangement of the museum: they have done away with the Salon Carré. The pictures which hung upon its walls have been dispersed and re-hung—the Leonardos in the Leonardo room, the Raphaels with the other Raphaels, and so on. Critics will approve the new arrangement as being more logical and scientific than the old; but there will be many to regret the Salon Carré, with its infinite treasure in a little room. With its disappearance has passed one of the great traditional institutions of France.

## THE EYES OF THE YOUNG

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES OF THE WAR. By Francis Grierson.  
(Lane. 5s. net.)

THOSE who have visited America will remember the delightful little cards containing pithy statements applicable to all the circumstances of life and to every variety of spiritual trouble. The cards are enthusiastically bought in America, and we remember more than one abode whose walls were decorated with these unforgettable sayings. Mr. Grierson, as he tells us, has devoted twenty years to thinking over the relations between England and America; he has lectured before famous American Universities, and, as is obvious from his book, he takes kindly to the great American spirit. His genius is, indeed, in many ways, American. He possesses in full that American gift for succinct statement of which the great expression is those little printed cards:

It is not the guns and gas that win battles, but how these are directed.

One man with a clear idea is worth more than a hundred with mere notions.

Clear thinking means clear seeing.

The men with ideas are never in a hurry.

This is youth, American youth, hammering hard at a few fundamental ideas. And the ideas are those proper to an optimistic, strenuous nation. These maxims do not discourage effort; about all of them is the *arrière-pensée* that what one man has done another man can do. The chief thing is to keep the maxims well in mind and to try hard. We have called these maxims American because their indescribable flavour is, in our experience, peculiar to America. Other nations have furnished maxims as general in application, but they are rather different—the book of Ecclesiastes is an instance.

But the optimism which inspires Mr. Grierson's statements is not completely blind and indiscriminating; such an attitude, as he indicates, is impossible in a world in which Germans exist. For, as he points out, Germany is not done with, however badly it may be defeated. Germany, in its overwhelming spirit of self-assertion, will still try to go on with science and philosophy:

The Teutonic races will not give up their present ambitions. On the contrary, indications suggest a greater struggle after the war than before, in every field of scientific and philosophical endeavour.

Doubtless, if we were all we should be, there would be no reason to fear this competition. But in all the countries which have battled for the right there is a widespread ignorance. In America this ignorance is sometimes extraordinary. Mr. Grierson narrates the following startling incident:

If there is one man more than another supposed to be known to the American public, that man is Thomas Edison. Yet not one of the students at a great university where the question was asked recently: "Who is the Wizard of Menlo Park?" could give a correct answer.

Such incidents as this lead to forebodings; they pass like grey clouds over Mr. Grierson's radiant pages. But such passing doubts only serve to throw into stronger relief the great fundamental conviction that we are at the dawn of a new age. Everywhere we see signs of the triumphs of the new spirit, the spirit of universal right as opposed to the brutal and cynical spirit of Berlin. And the young men returning from the war will return purified of all the old false ideas. They will come back with a new standard of reality, a new criterion for achievement.

To judge from the cover quotations, this young eager spirit is coming into its own. Responses to it are to be found in the most unlikely quarters. M. Maurice Maeterlinck, for instance, says: "I am privileged once more to breathe the atmosphere of supreme spiritual aristocracy that emanates from all your work."

J. W. N. S.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MESSRS. SOTHEY'S sale for next week includes a number of books from the libraries of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and of Prof. Norton of Harvard, the friend of Ruskin and Carlyle, besides some other properties. There are several incunabula and some early printed books, among them two undescribed books of importance, a Wynkyn de Worde of 1527 and a block book of about 1520 of somewhat unusual character, including a nautical ephemeris and perpetual calendar and a portolano chart of the Atlantic coast of Europe and the Baltic. There is every reason to believe this belonged to Pepys, who thought it had once been Henry VIII.'s. It is bound in English black morocco, a favourite binding of Pepys. Prof. Norton's library, besides a large collection of Ruskin books, some of them presentation copies, has several Pierpont Morgan and Fairfax Murray catalogues, which with a number of other works on the fine arts are of rare occurrence in sales. His general library reflects his taste for philosophy and general culture, and he owned two MSS., an Antiphonarium and a fourteenth-century Missal. The sale includes no fewer than four first editions of "Paradise Lost" and a Third Folio Shakespeare, a Lyly, a Donne, and other English classics. Modern illustrated books and caricatures are well represented by Gillray, Rowlandson, Leech, Cruikshank, and Bewick. The Burne-Jones lot comprises two manuscript Horæ finely illuminated and four Kelmscott Press books. Elsewhere there are some printed Horæ. The sale includes a number of fine English bindings from the eighteenth century down to Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, some liturgical MSS., French and Flemish, the original edition of Sheraton's "Cabinet Maker," some fine works on early music, eighteenth-century French illustrated books, historical memoirs, and an extra-illustrated copy of Lysons's "London."

## NOTES ON ART SALES

By direction of Mr. Isaac Lewis, pictures and tapestries were sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley at Bedgebury, Kent, on May 12. The early seventeenth century Brussels tapestry after Teniers, 10ft. 11in. by 18ft. 2in., fetched £2,625; the Mortlake Panel of Neptune and Cupid interceding with Jupiter for Mars and Venus, with the badge and motto of the Prince of Wales at the top, woven about 1620-22, and forming one of a set, 14ft. 4in. by 18ft. 11in., £1,890; and four others, £5,880 (Lewis & Simmons). Among the 117 lots of pictures were four by Sir Thomas Lawrence which realized £1,060, three of them being family portraits of the Beresford Hopes. Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Lord Fitzgibbon sold for £609 (Knoedler); F. P. Gérard's "A Reception of the Empress Josephine," 68in. by 83in., £367 10s. (Harper); a set of four hunting scenes by J. N. Sartorius, £315 (Knoedler); four of H. Alken's, £157 10s.; three of Frank Holl's subject pictures, £404; and a portrait of the Electress of Saxony attributed to Lucas Cranach, £231.

At Christie's sale of drawings and pictures, the property of Major V. P. Misa, on May 12, Birket Foster's water-colour drawing "Young Gleaners at a Stile," 30½in. by 26½in., was bought for £525 by Mr. Sampson, who also purchased for £105 a vignette, "Bellerophon," by J. M. W. Turner, from the Novar Collection. Another vignette by Turner, "The Garden," was sold for £125 (Peacock). An Italian Coast Scene by Clarkson Stanfield, 27½in. by 43½in., went for £141 15s. (Mitchell).

On May 16 Messrs. Christie disposed of some drawings and pictures from the collection of Sir Merton Russell Cotes, of Bournemouth. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel" was sold for 230 guineas (Wolff) and Henriette Ronner's "Playtime," 200 guineas (Sampson). On the same day a River Scene with two figures by Daubigny, on panel, 14in. by 24in., was sold for £1,470 (Wallis); a landscape by Hargnignies from the Day Collection, 1909, £215 5s.; a landscape on panel, 11½in. by 12½in., by Corot, £388 10s. (Colnaghi & Obach); and a water-colour by A. Mauve, 14in. by 17½in., £231. A portrait of the Countess of Northumberland by Philip Van Dyck was bought by Messrs. Gooden & Fox for 390 guineas. Some modern English pictures fetched good prices: "Worsley Dale," by E. M. Wimperis, 28½in. by 49in., £808 10s.; and "Changing Pastures," 23½in. by 35½in., £630 (Sampson). Alexander Nasmyth's portrait of William, seventh Lord of Belhaven, was sold for £682 10s.; Henry Moore's "Summer Evening in the Channel," 29½in. by 43½in., £294 (Sampson); Lady Alma-Tadema's "First-Born," £273; and George Cole's "Felling Timber," 31in. by 43½in., £220 10s. "A Tiff," by E. de Blaas, 50½in. by 33in., was purchased by Mr. Sampson for £336.



## Science

## THE NOTION OF SIMULTANEITY

THESE is a type of genius, very rare both in the sciences and in the arts, whose peculiar power it is to see things with "the eyes of a child." Such a man seems able to divest himself of some basic assumption current in his time. It is sometimes hard to distinguish between this unspoiled vision and the highest manifestations of the critical faculty, and it would be interesting to trace the nature of the difference. The rarity of the phenomenon, by showing how completely even very intelligent men are imprisoned in their age, leads to somewhat humiliating reflections which may, in their turn, engender a deep-rooted scepticism. This type of genius need not co-exist with that overpowering ability manifested by the more ordinary type of genius. Maxwell, for instance, was unquestionably a less masterful mathematician than Kelvin; if it were stated that he was a less able scientific man one would understand what was meant, and yet it was Maxwell who, curiously *not* dominated by the conceptions current in his time, revolutionized physics with his electro-magnetic theory of light.

At the present day we seem to have a genius of this rare type in the person of Albert Einstein. The failure of very carefully executed experiments to detect the motion of the earth with respect to the æther, and the consequent necessity of admitting a mysterious contraction of all bodies in the direction of their motion, led to the very ingenious and elaborate electron theory of Larmor and Lorentz. On this theory all matter is conceived to be composed of small indivisible nuclei called electrons, and in order to explain the contraction effect Lorentz made an assumption about the configuration of the electron, whereby an electron which is spherical at rest assumes a spheroidal shape when in motion. There was certainly more than one reason for making the assumption, but that does not alter the fact that the suggestion of the contracting electron only throws the mystery a stage further back. The great merit of Einstein's work consists in the fact that, starting from a perfectly general and simple assumption, he is able, without adopting any particular theory of the constitution of matter, to deduce just those phenomena which have been observed. He was a young man of twenty-six when, in 1905, he published his paper containing the "Principle of Relativity," or, as it is now referred to, in view of later developments, the Restricted Principle of Relativity. His root assumption in this paper is that all natural phenomena are indifferent to an absolute translation, or, differently put, that it is impossible, by any conceivable experiment, to detect uniform motion through the æther.

In order to see the nature of this assumption clearly let us imagine that we express the position of any body in terms of its distances from three mutually perpendicular planes. The motion of any body can then be described by saying how these three distances alter with the time. Similarly, if we wish to describe how any particular quantity—say electric force—is distributed throughout the space we are considering, we can do so by specifying its magnitude and direction at every point and also how its magnitude and direction at any point change with the time. We may then find relations between certain quantities, electric force and magnetic force, for instance; perhaps the space rate of change of one is found linked with the time rate of change of another, and so on. The mathematical equations expressing such sets of relations are said to express the laws of those particular phenomena. Now the orientation chosen for our three mutually perpendicular

space axes makes no difference to the expression of these laws. This is, of course, what we should expect, for such relations cannot depend on whether they are considered to exist between phenomena which are to the right or the left, up or down, before or behind the observer. Now Einstein's assumption amounts to saying that the laws of phenomena are no more affected by a uniform motion of the axes than they are by the orientation of the axes. According to Einstein, if we consider two observers A and B in two systems moving uniformly relative to one another, each observer will set about making his measurements in just the same way and will obtain the same expressions for the relations between phenomena.

This assumption may appear very natural, but we shall see that it leads to some curious results. Let us consider what is meant by "simultaneous events at different places." Events which are seen to occur at the same instant are said to be simultaneous, but it is evident that this simultaneity is really the coincidence of two impressions on the observer. If the events occur at a distance from the observer, the finite velocity of the propagation of light has to be allowed for. An astronomer may notice at the same instant a knock on the door of his observatory and the sudden change in brightness of a star, but he will think it probable that the two events really occurred at an interval of some years. When the velocity of light is allowed for we enter the realm of theory and must postulate some law, such as the constancy of the velocity of light. Suppose now we have two points X and Y, and that they are considered to be at rest in the æther and a distance, say  $l$ , apart. We can find what we mean by simultaneity in this instance. Let a ray of light be emitted from X at a time  $t_1$  in the direction joining X and Y. Let this ray be reflected from Y on its arrival, and let the moment of reflection be  $t_2$ . The reflected ray arrives again at X at a moment  $t_3$ . Then, since we have considered that X and Y are at rest in the æther, we assume that the moment of reflection at Y is simultaneous with the moment midway between the moments of emission and return at X. That is, we assume that  $t_2 = \frac{1}{2}(t_1 + t_3)$ . But now suppose that X and Y are moving with a common velocity and in the direction of the line joining them. Then Y is moving away from the light emitted from X, and, after reflection, X is moving forward to meet the light. We shall find that in this case the instant of reflection is not simultaneous with the instant midway between the instants of the start and return of the ray of light. Since, however, we have assumed that we know the velocity with which X and Y are moving, this fact is not at all confusing. We merely make the necessary corrections. But suppose we are the observers in the moving system: it is evident that before we can make the corrections we must know the velocity of our system, *i.e.*, we must know our velocity relative to the ether. But this is what we have just admitted that we can never know. We shall, as a matter of fact, continue to assume that the moment of reflection is midway between the moments of start and return, and therefore, to an observer who does not share our motion, our simultaneous events will not be simultaneous and he will have as much right to his opinion as we can have. Since we may assume, in accordance with the principle, that any observer has any arbitrary velocity, we see that we have no unique means of ordering phenomena in time regardless of their position. As a further consequence, the notion of length becomes ambiguous, because we must define length as the distance between two points of space occupied by the ends of the line at simultaneous instants; but, as we have seen, "simultaneous instants" is an ambiguous expression. We shall see that, accepting the Einstein principle, the relations between space and time undergo a change.

## SOCIETIES

LINNEAN.—May 1.—Sir David Prain, President, in the chair. The following motion was put from the chair and adopted in silence, all upstanding in their places:

"That the Linnean Society of London having heard with the deepest sorrow of the death of Sir Frank Crisp, Bart., for twenty-four years Treasurer, and for nearly forty-nine years a Fellow, of this Society, desire to record their sense of the invaluable services rendered by him during the whole period of his Fellowship for the benefit of the Society, and their realization of the loss sustained in his death."

Mr. F. Ormrod Mosley, Miss Dora Lawson, B.Sc. (Liverpool), and Mr. Humphrey Godwin Billingham were elected Fellows, and Dr. Johan Nordal Fischer Wille a Foreign Member.

Mr. James Smith gave a demonstration of the various forms assumed by the pappus in Compositæ. A discussion followed in which Professor J. B. Farmer, Dr. Stapf, Mr. W. C. Worsdell, Dr. D. H. Scott, Dr. A. B. Rendle, and Mr. T. A. Dymes engaged, and the author replied.

Mr. J. Montagu F. Drummond gave an account of his paper on the flora of a small area in Palestine. He gave the route of the 52nd Division (of which he was a member) between El Arish and the neighbourhood of Jaffa. Collections were made at various points along this route, and the area of Arsuf, 15 miles north of Jaffa, was specially described, with the topography and climate. The Edaphic plant-formations were dealt with, especially two—the "Calcareous Knoll" flora and the "Cistus Moor"; the former is of the nature of garigue, and contains many geophytes and annuals, with many minor xerophilous characters, but few extreme types, with only one switch-plant and no succulents. Cistus Moor has a closed carpet of vegetation, few geophytes or annuals.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 15.—Lieut.-Col. Croft Lyons, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. C. L. Kingsford read a paper on "Two Forfeitures in the Year of Agincourt." The forfeitures in question were those of Henry le Scrope, Lord Scrope, who was executed at Southampton, for his share in the Earl of Cambridge's conspiracy, on August 9, 1415, and Richard Gurmyrn, the Lollard, who was burnt for heresy in September of the same year. The two forfeitures have only an accidental association, but are of especial interest as showing the difference in the possessions of a great noble and a humble citizen of London.

Scrope was possessed of very great wealth, and the inquisitions taken on his forfeiture are of much interest as showing the extent of his possessions. In London he owned Scrope's Inn, on the banks of the Thames; he had nearly £1,000 on loan, £400 worth of gold and silver plate, clothes, armour, furniture, and a barge and its fittings. Probably a great deal of his property was with him at Southampton, and it is unfortunate that the inquisition taken there has not been preserved. He had other property in Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Newcastle and Yorkshire. Immediately on his forfeiture a great deal of his property appears to have been taken to Pontefract, whence it was brought to London, where an inquiry was held before the King's Council. This property included a collection of 120 copes, a large amount of other vestments and chapel furniture, a great quantity of secular plate, clothes, bed furniture, and other things, including a collection of 80 books. Four years later more property, including copes and jewels, fell into the King's hands, they having been retained by Scrope's mother, Margery. The author compared the inventories with Scrope's will, and some of the chattels could be identified as occurring in both documents. It was not possible to trace the ultimate fate of this collection of goods—probably most of the plate was melted down; but a few pieces could be identified as having been given away as presents.

Richard Gurmyrn's inventory was small by comparison, but proved him to have been a man of some means. It was interesting to note that the amount of furniture did not compare unfavourably with that belonging to Lord Scrope. The inventory ended with the words "divers trash," which was of particular interest as the word "trash" in this sense, with one exception, had not been noted as occurring before the sixteenth century.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—May 15.—Sir Arthur Evans, President, in the chair.—Sir John W. Cawston and Messrs. G. C. Drabble and W. Lisle Savage were elected Fellows.—Mr. Sydenham exhibited a representative series of Roman coins in illustration of his paper.

In Part II. of his paper on "The Roman Monetary System," Mr. Sydenham traced the changes and developments that occurred in the Augustine coinage down to the time of Gallienus. These changes were mainly of three kinds: (1) the addition of new denominations or new forms of existing denominations; (2) the temporary or permanent discontinuance of certain denominations; and (3) the tendency towards depreciation by reduction in weight of the gold and bronze and by the increase of the alloy in the silver. The first new denominations were the brass semis and copper dupondius. The former obtained currency at Lugdunum from B.C. 2 to A.D. 22, and the latter was merely a sporadic issue of the three moneyers who held office in B.C. 5.

The existence of unusually heavy dupondii during the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius opened the question of the value of orichalcum relative to gold, silver, and copper. It is evident that, although between the years 22 and 64 A.D. the orichalcum used for coinage was of the finest quality, its value relatively to that of pure copper proved to be less than that originally assigned to it by Augustus. Hence the necessity of issuing coins on a heavier standard. Even so the difficulty does not appear to have been overcome; and during the first six years of Nero's reign the issue of brass and copper was discontinued until in A.D. 63 the experiment was tried of striking all the denominations in orichalcum. Nero's elaborate system came to an end in A.D. 68, and Galba reverted to the simpler Augustan coinage, which became stereotyped under the Flavians and Antonines. With the settlement, however, began the decadence of the coinage, and from the death of Commodus the tendency to deteriorate grew apace. Such attempts as were made by Caracalla, Alexander Severus and Decius to restore the prestige of the coinage were attended with ill success, and, in their results, tended for the most part to add confusion to a system that was fast becoming unintelligible. Thus the reign of Gallienus witnesses to the debacle of the once splendid coinage of Imperial Rome.

The institution by Caracalla of a new denomination, commonly called the *antoninianus*, opens an interesting field of speculation, and, among other things, it seems probable that it had the effect of changing the relation of the denarius to the aureus. That is to say, under Caracalla the aureus was worth 20 *antoniniani*, or 30, instead of 25, denarii. The large bronze coin introduced for a short period under Trajanus Decius, and commonly described as a "double sestertius," seems more probably to have been a piece worth a sestertius and a half. Thus it was a quarter of an *antoninianus*, just as the sestertius had been a quarter of the now obsolete denarius. The reform of Aurelian in A.D. 271 marks the advent of a new coin, similar to the decadent *antoninianus*, but apparently a new species of denarius composed of plated copper, bearing the mark of value XXI. The probable meaning of this symbol and the corresponding VSV sometimes found on coins of smaller module was discussed at length.

The last phase of the coinage dealt with was the important reform of Diocletian. The aim of the reform was the reinstatement of the silver denarius (or *miliarensis*), so as to bring the gold once more into relationship with the lower denominations of the currency—the latter being of plated copper—and the establishment of a universal standard of values. Of the boldness of the enterprise there can be no question, but that it lacked permanency was due to the unsoundness of the economic principles on which most of Diocletian's schemes were based, and the utter impossibility of arbitrarily enforcing a uniform standard of values through the Empire.

Professor Oman, Mr. Webb, Mr. Mattingly and Sir Arthur Evans took part in the discussion which followed.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- FRI., 23. Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Hubert Hastings Parry: his Work and Place among British Composers," Sir A. C. Mackenzie.
- SAT., 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"Cæsar as a General," Dr. J. Wells.
- MON., 26. Society of Arts, 4.30. Surveyors' Institution, 5.—Annual Meeting. Geographical, 8.30.—"Recent Journeys in Manchuria," Captain A. de C. Sowerby.
- TUES., 27. Royal Institution, 3.—"Listening under Water," Lecture I., Professor W. H. Bragg (Tyndall Lectures). Society of Arts, 4.30.—Colonial Section. Zoological, 5.30.—"On Result of a Mendelian Experiment in Fowls, including the Production of a Pile Breed," Mr. J. T. Cunningham; "Some Points in the Anatomy of the Takin (*Budorcas taxicolor whitei*)," Miss K. F. Lander; "On certain Features of the Otic Region of the Chondrocranium of *Lepidosteus*, and Comparison with other Fishes and Higher Vertebrates," Mr. E. Phelps Allis. Dr. Williams's Library, 5.30.—"The Analysis of Mind: IV. Words and Meaning," Mr. Bertrand Russell.
- WED., 28. Society of Arts, 4.30. British Numismatic, 8.
- THURS., 29. Institution of Electrical Engineers, 2.30.—Annual Meeting. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Balkans," Lecture I., Sir Valentine Chirol.
- FRI., 30. Royal Institution, 5.30.—"A 'Filter-passing' Virus in certain Diseases," Sir J. Rose Bradford. Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—Adjourned Discussion on Dr. W. H. Hatfield's Paper, "The Mechanical Properties of Steel."



## Fine Arts

### CUBISM IN PARIS

IT was with a feeling of excitement that, having overcome the difficulties of passports and the disagreeableness of the journey, I found myself walking up the stairs into the long room of the Galerie Rosenberg, the centre of Cubism in Paris. In London we had heard of Cubism, but the general public had vastly preferred the word Futurism, which covered a multitude of sins, the Omega workshops, the more modern decorations of a Revue, the latest patterns at Messrs. Heal's, and generally any picture that was too modern to be exhibited at the New English Art Club. Cubism was a mystic word; we have painters who call themselves Cubists, some with talent who use cubes as a means of annoying their drawing masters, others with a keener business instinct, who understand that, if they translate their eminently prosaic visions into cubes and triangles, they will be welcomed and bought as exciting revolutionaries by our simple cousins from America and the Colonies. All this is great fun, but it has little to do with Art, and nothing to do with Cubism. It was therefore with excitement and interest that I went into the Galerie Rosenberg. Here was being held an exhibition by a Spanish Cubist, M. Juan Gris. The long walls were covered by his pictures, and it was a relief to find that there was no catalogue, and that the abstract designs in line and colour were not called "nature morte" or a "portrait," or given any other nomenclature that instantly raises a difficulty between oneself and the painting. My immediate impression was that here was a serious effort taken seriously, not a youthful fling nor a journalistic venture. These pictures, painted for the most part in sombre colours, relied entirely upon the subtle blending of colour, the careful arrangement of line. They possessed the seriousness of the best Spanish painting, and they were the most academic of any Cubist paintings that I saw. M. Juan Gris is absorbed in the central fact of Cubism, which is an insistence upon *invented* form as against the analytical form of the Impressionists or the interpretative form of other painters. It must be admitted that M. Juan Gris is a little dull, for although inspiring the respect due to honest effort, he failed to provoke the excitement given by greater artists. There were pictures by many other painters of the Cubist School, the best of which were by M. Braque and M. Picasso. M. Braque, who is now in the later thirties, is a Frenchman, and one has only to glance at his pictures to realize this. He is one of the most traditional of French painters living. He possesses the professionalism, and the architectural qualities gained only by intense application and research, that are common to the great French Masters.

This disdain for the amateur and for amateurishness is the foremost claim to distinction of the French race; whether it be in eating or in making love, in acting or in painting, there is no place in the French world for the charming amateur so loved in England. In the best of our English painters there is nearly always some difficulty overcome by a *tour de force*, some lyrical beauty that is not the logical consequence of the design; but this is never so in typical French painting. The presence of this professionalism, and the resultant seriousness with which painting is treated, are of the utmost importance to the painter, the critic, and the public. The French public may laugh at new manifestations of painting, but that superior person who, while talking and writing glibly of the Primitives, of Velasquez, of Ingres, declares that he or she "is not yet educated up to Matisse or Picasso" is happily absent from the galleries or boudoirs of Paris. The paintings of M.

Braque hung in the gallery are of undoubted importance. They are simple, and massive in design, they are the result of intense interest and excitement in new discoveries; his composition continually reminds me of the simple grandeur of Chardin. One large picture, the property of M. Rosenberg, was especially arresting, built up with a meticulous care of design, accompanied by a severe but exact use of colour. Every inch of the canvas was painted with purpose, even with grimness. Here were no accidental beauties, no lyrical touch that surprised or delighted—it was the traditional art of France. The French Cubists are the Puritans of Art, the Roundheads among artists, and for this very reason, while admirable in every respect, and great in many, they leave one a little depressed and gloomy.

Very different is the impression that M. Picasso left upon me. A Spaniard by birth, but educated as a painter in France, he has felt the French influence, and owes a great deal to it, but he has not been absorbed by it. He is a far more beautiful colourist than M. Braque, and is a complete master of drawing. His work possesses astounding skill and great beauty. The most interesting fact about younger painters is not their skill with brush or with pencil, but their desire for discovery, for a journey into the hidden places of beauty. M. Picasso is a born traveller, he has all the gifts by which he could easily earn *réclame* and money, but the high road of success does not interest him, he insists on exploring the hidden places. This desire, accompanied by his dexterity of drawing and his sensitive colour, makes M. Picasso an artist of great importance. In a good painting of his it is impossible to subtract a line or to alter a colour without ruining the entire composition: sometimes a tiny bunch of flowers, or a little flourish, inserted into the picture, gives the impression that the artist is trying to obtain lyrical beauty at the expense of the design, but obliterate the bunch or suppress the flourish, and the whole picture is changed and spoiled. In the collection of M. Kann, where the oldest masters hang naturally beside the pictures of MM. Matisse and Picasso, there is a very beautiful small Ingres—with two figures in the foreground, and in the background a table, an easel and another smaller figure. The design is daring—the line of the table cut off suddenly, the easel in an unexpected relation to the rest of the picture, the placing of the two principal figures—and if the realism of the objects represented was abolished, the lines and design of the picture might have been those of a picture by M. Picasso. There are other Cubists of interest in the Gallery—M. Herbin, who pleases by his gay colour; M. Severini, who possesses extraordinary facility of drawing and expression; and other younger painters who are trying to obtain by broken line and bright colours a new, and to me not very interesting effect of mural decoration.

ST. JOHN HUTCHINSON.

THREE interesting gifts to the National Gallery are now on view in Room XIX. The earliest in date is a mosaic of the twelfth century, representing "The Water of Life." It is similar in design to the well-known apse of S. Clemente in Rome, and is a gift from Mr. Henry Wagner. Sir Charles Cook has presented a small panel of the school of Fra Angelico, illustrating the legendary origin of the Dominican habit; while, in memory of Mr. Robert Ross, the National Art Collections Fund has given a panel by Giovanni di Paolo, representing SS. Fabian and Sebastian.

In the vestibules and Room I. a selection of Florentine pictures has been arranged, in view of the exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club of paintings of the Florentine School prior to 1500, arranged by Mr. Roger Fry, which opened on May 19.

An illustrated catalogue of Messrs. Sotheby's sale of Greek and Roman antiquities, including some fine vases, may be had; price, 2s. 6d.



## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

GUILDHALL GALLERIES. The Royal Society of British Artists.

GROSVENOR GALLERIES. The International Society.

GOUPIL GALLERIES. Maternity Drawings by Bernard Meninsky.

TWENTY-ONE GALLERY. Mestrovic.

LITTLE ART ROOMS. "Kapp's" Caricatures.

WHISTLER'S "The British are in, and the Artists are out," still holds good of the R.B.A. It is a dull, uninspired show, gaining in its water-colours a level superior to the Royal Academy or to the Royal Institute, which is not so stupendous an achievement.

The International is perhaps the exhibition which most represents the temper of the age. It is luxurious, easily satisfied with mere splendour, drinking a sensuous rapture out of that love of display which still attracts crowds to revues and pageants—not an ill taste save when pursued to the exclusion of all else, as it unfortunately often is at the International. Yet an exhibition which preserves this level of easy competence is a good thing, as all healthy spade-work, or even trowel-work, is a good thing. It keeps the earth ready for fertility. And there is an herbaceous border to the bed, little flowers of intention springing up here and there in this variegated soil.

Mr. John Copley's lithographs are always interesting. He has a faculty of recreating strenuous effort which he has used most effectively in "Athletes" (228). He seizes the psychological moment of an action with the certainty of a Hokusai. Mr. Louis Sargent's three richly-coloured landscapes are also notable. Here is colour used with thought—not merely sensuous, as are the luxuriant tints of Mr. Leon de Smet, but critically imagined and arranged with purpose. Mr. Edgar Tytgat's "Premier Envahisseur, Watermael" (303), has decision of value in its naïf simplicity, which tells strongly. Mr. Keith Baynes's two water-colours (507 and 508) and Miss Elfrida Hughes's "Ciro's Y.M.C.A." (436) are worthy of attention.

At the Goupil Galleries Mr. Meninsky is showing a series of drawings and water-colour drawings of a mother and child. These drawings should be published as a volume of reproductions, for though almost every one is valuable as a detached work of art, in the mass they represent a psychological record of great interest. Mr. Meninsky is facing a difficult problem with success. He shirks none of the problems which realism presents, and contrives to hold in a realistic content the personal value of his subject. The sensitive record of his pencil is a direct wordless message from the brain, revealing things with a tenderness which words may not imitate; for words being, as it were, a mere barter for thought, must in certain cases vulgarize, or be so subtly applied that their message is lost to all but a few. This does not imply that in this exhibition of "Maternity" Mr. Meninsky is producing sentimental literature. He remains always a plastic artist; he conveys his meaning plastically.

M. Mestrovic at the Twenty-one Gallery is a somewhat pruned Mestrovic—odds and ends of Mestrovic, one might say. There is little here of his *furor* or his grandiloquence. Nevertheless M. Mestrovic, whether in the great or in the small, is one of the three or four sculptors with whom one has to reckon. The portrait bust of Milcinovic shows M. Mestrovic's imaginative analysis at his best; there is great reality in this work. But some of the other portraits have a certain repetition of an artificiality which does not accord with portraiture, and shows that at the average level of this work M. Mestrovic does not equal the resource or the imagination of Epstein.

The caricatures of Captain Edmond X. Kapp have as preface an appreciation by Mr. Max Beerbohm. He could receive no higher compliment. Mr. Kapp's caricatures are, unlike most, without that music-hall bestiality which seems to be the mainspring of so much of our satiric art, for it is so easy to remember that man is at root an animal. Mr. Kapp thus contrives to be *malin* without becoming malicious. His drawings are well designed, humorous, fantastic and critical.

J. G.

## Music

## VERDI AT COVENT GARDEN

THE reopening of Covent Garden takes one back indeed to the days before the war, not to say to the days before the Crimean War. Modern Italy has come to regard the early works of Verdi as rather out of date; but Covent Garden takes them quite seriously. In his native country Verdi has become something of what Dickens is to ourselves—a national institution, an incarnation of the spirit of the average, rather than a creator of works of art. To enter properly into the understanding of Verdi one should hear him in some little back-street theatre at Rome or Naples; or, since one cannot so easily get to those places nowadays, one may learn much by going to the "Old Vic." or to Hammersmith. For Verdi—I speak of the early Verdi—requires the right audience almost more than the right singers, and it is not the audience of Covent Garden. Covent Garden has some good singers, and an excellent conductor in Signor Mugnone; but what can he do with an orchestra that has been trained to play "Pelléas" and "Tristan"? And except for a few Italians in the gallery, the audience listens to "Rigoletto" with equal gentility of behaviour. The famous climaxes elicit perhaps a few handclaps and a *bravo*, possibly even a *bis* from the gods, but it is soon drowned in the hushing of those who were educated on Wagner. I confess that I have always been among those who thought applause barbarous and detestable; but in an early Verdi opera the applause is as necessary to the stage as the final common chord itself. It appears the more necessary at Covent Garden, because the foreign singers have been brought up in foreign ways, and nearly always seem to wait for it.

It is interesting to compare Covent Garden with the interpretations of early Verdi at Drury Lane, for the conditions are sufficiently alike to make a serious comparison possible. There are English singers at Covent Garden, there were singers at Drury Lane who pronounced English as if it was Italian, so I cannot feel that the actual language made so very much difference. People say that the foreign singers have better voices, or that they sing better. I do not believe that this is true. But they sing differently; and they act differently. The difference arises from a fundamental outlook. To the English mind music is a thing that comes from outside. Just as Shakespeare always associates music with supernatural and abnormal beings, so even the best type of English singer always seems to regard music as something which passes through him from the composer to the audience. He is a transmitting medium and no more. The Latin singer feels himself to be a creator. To him music is a thing born within his own body. So far from being a transmitting medium for the composer, it is the composer whom he regards as the transmitting medium for his own personality. And this sense of *sacro egoismo* affects the acting and the whole system of production as well. At Drury Lane there was always a feeling for ensemble. A few of the company were first-rate actors as well as first-rate singers, and even those who were neither seemed always to be doing their best to contribute to the general effect. There resulted from this a cumulative intelligence and enthusiasm which at times was very remarkable, and I have seldom been so thrilled by any Verdi opera as I was by "Il Trovatore" one night when Sir Thomas Beecham conducted it himself.

At Covent Garden there is none of this. An opera seems to be more in the nature of a state ceremony

which has to be gone through in a certain way. It certainly increases one's respect for Verdi to see how his music survives even in such paralysing conditions. The singers are good, but I do not find them so much better than our own. Signora Borghi-Zerni has a powerful voice, but it is rather harsh in quality. M. Maguenat is a capable actor as well as an efficient singer. Mr. Tom Burke has not disappointed the expectations formed of him. The reason why people think that the Covent Garden singers are better than our own is mainly because the system of *sacro egoismo* encourages them to give their voices every chance. They do not bother much about acting or ensemble. They have no idea at the back of their minds that an early Verdi opera might be a real drama if only every one on the stage would act, and act the whole time. The opera for them is an established institution. Sir Thomas Beecham likes to clear away the accumulated traditions of the last half a century or more and impose a new reading on the public. I cannot always admire his new readings, but I honour him for his point of view. At Covent Garden there is nothing but tradition. If the singers cleared away all the traditions in the well-known airs, the whole opera would tumble down. Somebody asked me if Mr. Burke could act. Really, it never occurred to me to notice. But he can sing, and sing in the regular Italian style too; what is more, in "*La donna è mobile*" he let off a *cadenza* which was electrifying in its spontaneity. "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!" said Handel on an analogous occasion. "Welcome home, Mr. Burke!" M. Maguenat seemed to want to act in the title-part; but between singing and trying to look hunched and crooked, there is not much to be done with it. M. Maguenat sang most of his music in French, but he made up for his shortage of the Italian language by an exuberantly Italian manner of singing. He was indeed *plus royaliste que le roi, plus noir que le Pape, plus rigolo que Rigoletto*.

It is good for the younger generation to see these old-fashioned operas, if only to make them realize how much better they are than those of Puccini. And I was pleased beyond measure the other evening to meet a young musician, educated severely on Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, who had heard "*La Traviata*" for the first time, and thought it was beautiful. We should never have been allowed to say that twenty years ago. Perhaps Covent Garden is not such an evil institution, after all.

EDWARD J. DENT.

M. HENRY PRUNIÈRES has a very interesting article on the work of G. Francesco Malipiers in the *Mercure de France* of May 16. We get the impression of a talent nervous, dramatic, easily excited by impressions from whatever source they may come, with complete command of great technical resources and possessing astonishing fecundity. His compositions reflect a great variety of moods, sometimes profound pessimism, sometimes the sense of supernatural and terrible influences (recalling the work of Poe), and sometimes an almost wild gaiety. Much of his work is what is known as "programme" music, but it seems to escape the banality which sometimes attaches to that kind of composition. The "*Sette Canzoni*," in particular, are considered by M. Prunières to place their composer at the head of the young musicians of Europe. A short sketch of the composer's life is also given in the article.

ACCORDING to the *Mercure de France* of May 16, three early compositions by Beethoven have been discovered amongst the manuscripts in the British Museum: a trio for piano and strings, of which two pages are missing; two small piano pieces for four hands, and the beginning of a third, a funeral march which, according to the *Mercure*, contains the germ of the great funeral march movement of the Third Symphony; a rondo for piano, complete in 265 bars. These pieces are very early compositions, dating from 1785-95, *i.e.*, from Beethoven's fifteenth to his twenty-fifth year, and they show how great the influence of Mozart was on the young composer.

## CONCERTS

MISS ISABEL GRAY, who gave a piano recital on May 13, is a thoughtful and musicianly player, with a neat technique, but her interpretation of Bach's Italian Concerto struck one as over-subdued. It is a work that demands a certain exuberance. B. J. Dale's early sonata was also included in the programme. Reheard after many years, it still reveals itself as an expressive and resourceful work; but one is conscious of a good deal that is diffuse, and a good deal that is reminiscent. That is only natural, considering the early age at which it was written. It will be judged ultimately, one thinks, as a promise rather than an achievement.

MISS CORDELIA COE's dramatic recital at the Æolian Hall embraced a curiously varied assortment of items. She has trained herself carefully, but, like most reciters, tends to overdramatize purely lyrical passages—such things as Mr. Masefield's "*West Wind*," for instance. Mr. Masefield, by the by, would have been flattered to find himself in such close proximity to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The reciter was assisted by Miss Carrie Tubb (songs) and Miss Auriol Jones (piano).

MR. SYDNEY ROSENBLOOM gave a recital of his own compositions on May 14. His music, despite a good deal of bustle, is essentially of the mild and mellifluous order. He writes with great facility, but there is nothing distinctive about either the style or the substance of his work. He would do better to eschew the complexities of sonata and fugue, and turn his attention to sligher forms, such as the fantasy and the suite. He was fortunate in having such capable artists as Miss Daisy Kennedy, Mr. Moiseievitch, and Captain Heyner to assist in the performance.

By far the most attractive item at Miss Megan Foster's recital on May 15 was the group of Welsh Folk-songs. The rest of her programme was of a somewhat unrelenting prettiness, which her style of singing tended to accentuate. It was a pity, for, as far as quality and training of the voice go, she has the makings of a good singer. She was accompanied by Mr. Harold Samuel, who also appeared as soloist in a Bach Partita. He has a delicate touch and a feeling for rhythm, and is altogether a much better pianist than his unassuming style might lead one to suppose.

MME. JEANNE FROMONT and M. LOUIS DELUNE gave their second recital of cello sonatas on May 16. As an executant Mme. Fromont may not be so highly finished as other cellists one could name, but the playing of these two artists is so intelligent and sensitive that one readily forgives an occasional lapse of technique. Their reading of Bach is noticeably good.

MME. D'ALVAREZ gave a concert with the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood, on May 17. The singer's methods are familiar to all of us by now; it suffices to say that she remained in excellent voice throughout a long and strangely-mixed programme, and that the usual encores were demanded and received.

## NEW MUSIC.

(Augener, Ltd.)

ADMIRERS of Frederick Delius's music will welcome the publication of his new Violin Concerto, the orchestral accompaniment to which has been sympathetically, and at the same time very practically, arranged by Philip Heseltine.

For violinists of modest attainments Dr. Arthur Somervell has arranged an old Welsh air, "*The Dove*," with his usual smoothly-flowing harmonies. Two books of "*Monologues*" by Leonard Butler, and a "*Ballet Suite*" by Cyril Jenkins, are easily written for young pianists, but neither composer has anything very interesting to say. Frank Bridge's little piece "*The Princess*," on the other hand, has much charm, and is modern in idiom without any technical difficulties.

David Piggott carefully eschews modernity in his song "*So sweet love seemed*," which has a delicate Elizabethan flavour and a strong sense of diatonic melody. "*The Bells of San Marie*," by John Ireland, has a good swinging tune after the manner of a folk-song, but is rather heavy-handed in the pianoforte part. "*The Lark*," by Elisabeth Meyer, apparently a Danish composer, is a slight and neatly written song, rather in the manner of Jensen.



## Drama IN THE SICK-ROOM

THE doctors were again gathered round the bedside of the Theatre last week, when Mr. Shaw gave an address at Hampstead on behalf of Mr. Macdermott's scheme; but there was something alarmingly unprofessional both in the decisiveness and in the unanimity of the opinions expressed. Some of us would have risked no more than the murmured suggestion of a disorder of the metabolism of uncertain ætiology; some would in their hearts have suspected the patient of being a *malade imaginaire*; some would have pronounced him already a corpse. At last week's consultation there were no such difficulties; diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis were all equally simple and satisfactory. There are, one gathers, three principal causes of what Mr. Shaw calls the present predicament of the theatre: the depravity of the public taste, the commercialism of the managers, and the rise in rents and the other expenses of production. If these three obstacles could be overcome all would be well; and a single remedy would overcome them all. This remedy is endowment, which would make it possible to meet the heavy expenses, to compete with the commercial managers, and to disregard or eventually to educate the public taste. The theory is most engaging in its simplicity, and there is no reason for denying that there is a great deal of truth in it. But that the situation is more complicated than the theory allows will be recognized after a moment's consideration of the phenomenon of the Russian Ballet, which was characteristically not so much as alluded to at the Hampstead meeting. Among the ballets produced by M. Diaghileff are at least two or three which are almost certainly the best theatrical performances to be seen anywhere in the world to-day. In spite of this fact and of the fact that their production is much more expensive than that of any ordinary play, these ballets were brought to England by the commercial enterprise of Sir Oswald Stoll, and are so popular that they have been performed here every day for more than eight months. There is no need to overstate this argument. It may, for instance, be conceded that ultimately the ballets are based upon some form of endowment, and that to some extent their popularity is factitious. But when every allowance has been made, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will be forced to admit that even though "the speculative commercial manager is now comfortably squatting with all his weight of hoggish greed on our nearly lifeless English drama"; even though "the evening amusements of our nation" consist of "sodden vulgarities and imbecilities," of "rosy twaddle, flaming licentiousness, and crude sensation"; even though we are at the mercy of "the pack of watchful bigots, agelasts, and whimsy-bitten fanatics"; even though "we are approaching the dissolution of our present European civilization"—any night last winter he could have got into the Coliseum gallery for eightpence. In fact, bad taste and commercialism have not succeeded in destroying the theatre; somehow or other, real merit has not only resisted them, but has counter-attacked, has broken through their defences, and has established itself in the very heart of their position.

But the failure of one part of the argument rouses scepticism as to the other. If bad taste and commercialism are not necessarily fatal to the theatre, will the theatre necessarily flourish if bad taste and commercialism are removed? May there not be other defects even more deadly? May not some more positive virtues be essential to success? There are, for instance, three classes of persons whom an outsider associates rather closely with the theatre, namely, the dramatists, the producers, and the actors. In the sick-room their names are surrounded by a conspiracy of silence; not a hint, not a suggestion that they might have

a share in the responsibility for this sad state of things. The tactless inquirer is easily brushed aside. "Actors? Well, what encouragement is there for good acting? The public taste ——" "Dramatists? How can you expect them to come to the front? These commercial managers—" "Producers? Naturally, with this out-of-date technical equipment. Now with a little capital—" And so we are brought hurriedly round to the old diagnosis. Nevertheless our suspicions are now on the alert. We begin to remember various non-commercial performances which exhibited the queerest taste in plays, the most unexpected ideals of production, the strangest notions of acting. And if we see the doctors anxious to avoid these topics, we are modern enough psychologists to understand that it is precisely at them that we must continue prodding.

The particular prescription offered last week was Mr. Macdermott's plan of building a theatre at Golder's Green Tube Station. If he can collect enough money (about £8,000, I understand) in the next few weeks, he proposes to build a temporary theatre, holding about 300 people, in time to begin public performances in the autumn. Later on he hopes to build a permanent theatre with about twice as much room. The construction is to be of the most modern design both as regards the auditorium and the stage, and new methods of lighting and decoration are to be used. A repertory programme is to be given, and we are promised that the selection of plays will be "as catholic as possible, from all literatures and all periods." There will be a stock company of actors, recruited partly from professionals and partly from amateurs. A school of acting will eventually be attached to the theatre, and workshops for the construction of scenery, costumes and properties. The whole thing, in fact, sounds delightful, and it is to be hoped that numbers of cheques for five hundred pounds or so will soon be pouring in to Mr. Macdermott at 71, Great Russell Street. But a few sceptics will wonder even as they fill in their signatures whether Mr. Macdermott, with his £8,000, his non-commercial ideals, and his well-educated public, will really regenerate the stage. What about his dramatists, his producers, his actors? The repertory of plays "as catholic as possible" is hopeful but vague, while the flimsy figure of Lord Dunsany, flitting through the pages of the prospectus, threatens the programme with silly mediocrity and the dissolution of the mind. "Joy," says Mr. Macdermott, "is our great need in the theatre." Some of us, I fear, already find it satisfied by Little Tich and Mr. George Graves, and can hardly accept Lord Dunsany as a substitute. As to production and actors, we can only learn by experience what Mr. Macdermott has to offer, though there is a menacing touch of sentimentality both in his scenic models and in his admiration of the Irish Players. Sentimentality—the modern sentimentality of the Garden Suburb—is the real danger of Mr. Macdermott's whole enterprise; it is focussed in its very name, "The Everyman Theatre"! If Mr. Macdermott were aware of the shudders of horror and cynical smiles which it evokes, he would alter it at any cost, and justify our belief that it misrepresents him.

J. S.

THE newly-formed British Drama League will hold its inaugural meeting on Tuesday, June 3, at 3.30, at the Haymarket Theatre, by kind permission of Mr. Frederick Harrison. Lord Howard de Walden has consented to be president of the League, and its supporters include Viscount Rothermere, Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Granville Barker, Miss Lilian Bayliss, of the "Old Vic," Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. John Galsworthy, Miss Edyth Goodall, Mr. R. H. Tawney, Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and many other notable persons in the theatrical and social world. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Dudley House, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.



## Correspondence

## MODERN POETRY AND MODERN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your leading article in this week's number is probably the first experience of adverse criticism the Georgian poets have tasted, although Rupert Brooke received a rather moderate "appreciation" some time ago in a literary weekly. The personality behind your article seems to me as transparent as if the letters "L.A." had appeared at the end. "L.A.'s" preference for major poetry is notorious, as is his high estimate of Hardy. In fact, he has written books on both subjects.

The Georgian poets are young, and therefore their poetry is based almost solely upon the experience of their senses. They have not yet had time to react to life in such a manner as to give artistic expression to feeling, thought and will. Furthermore, they are far more imitative than has generally been supposed. Ralph Hodgson's indebtedness to Christopher Smart has been pointed out; and it seems to me that Rupert Brooke's indebtedness to several of his predecessors awaits recognition. In "Beauty and Beauty" the lines:

The earth is crying-sweet  
And memory soft the air

were undoubtedly written by someone with Meredith in more than one cranny of his memory; and I think if one contrasts the following from Du Bellay with Brooke's "Mutability" more than a half-remembrance will be detected

Là est le bien que tout esprit désire,  
Là le repos où tout le monde aspire,  
Là est l'amour; là le plaisir encore;  
Là, ô mon âme, au plus hault ciel guidée,  
Tu y pourras reconnoître l'Idée  
De la beauté qu'en ce monde j'adore.

Many of W. H. Davies's poems seem to have been written with Blake at his elbow. It is no good, however, telling Davies to try his hand at a new "Jerusalem," judging by the poverty of significant experience in "A Poet's Pilgrimage." "L.A." or whoever really wrote your article might have distinguished. Some of the Georgians will remain poets of personal experience to the end. At least he might concede that a round half-dozen of them show a mastery of form which is delightful—De la Mare and Squire, for example. "L.A." himself has been silent awhile. Is he meditating that adventure into epic which is his prescription for his contemporaries? If so, I venture to think that the fate of Alfred Noyes, at any rate, will not overtake him.

Yours, etc., H. W. CRUNDELL.

139, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.  
May 19, 1919.

## MUSIC THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I should like to express my hearty agreement with Mr. Blatchford's letter under the above heading, and I should like to emphasize two points: the necessity of hearing good music early in life, and the necessity of preventing some modern critics from having their way with our concert halls. I have heard it stated by a very experienced music-teacher that, if no good music is heard up to the age of thirteen, a decay of the musical faculty generally sets in. This observation is borne out by my own experience. In the office where I work, which is a very large one, a certain number of us subscribe to the Promenade Concerts every year (or did before the war), and I have discovered that most of these men had opportunities of hearing music when children. On the other hand, many men of far superior general education—men who can read the Greek and Latin poets with keen appreciation—are quite uninterested in music. They were usually sent away to a school which provided but scant opportunities for hearing music, and they have never developed a musical faculty. I think they are much the poorer for this, for I consider that music gives something that nothing else can give. I think that many of them would have a different outlook on life if they could really hear Beethoven, for instance.

And this brings me to my second point. I sincerely hope that the strenuous attempts of some critics to substitute modern French and Russian music for the old German classics in our concert-halls will not succeed. I do not deny that

there is much of value in modern music and that it may interpret the spirit of this age. But the spirit of this age is precisely what many of us want to have as little as possible to do with. We do not object to special performances, or even perpetual performances in special halls. We are willing to give every man a hearing, but we want to have not less but more opportunities for hearing the music we really enjoy. Even if we could all afford pianolas we should still miss the orchestral performances. A literary man can buy a book, but we are dependent upon public performances for our hearing of such things as Beethoven's symphonies. If a literary man was dependent on public readings for his acquaintance with Shakespeare, he might not approve a proposal to cut them down for readings from the works of our modern poets and novelists. We should like both, but if one is to be sacrificed we ask that it shall be the moderns—until, that is, they produce someone who can be compared to Beethoven without making us feel that the comparison is ridiculous.

Yours, etc.,

JAMES WALKER.

## CEZANNE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know what evidence Mr. Clive Bell has for his statement that Cézanne was an *insoumis*, or a deserter, during the war of 1870.

Yours faithfully,

Darnall's Hall, Weston,  
Stevenage, Herts.

JACQUES RAVERAT.

## SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE RISORGIMENTO.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the review of "The Holocaust" which appeared on p. 235 of your issue of the 25th ult., I should like to point out (i) that the authoress of the book is Italian, and not French; and (ii) that the book was written for purposes of propaganda in French, and translated from the MS. into English for the same purpose.

That "The Holocaust" was in no sense intended to be primarily a contribution to history is, I think, quite clearly indicated in the Preface to the French edition (bought up by the Italian Government before it was put on sale in France), a translation of which I herewith enclose.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

Via Orazio, 30, Roma, 33.

P. R. LLOYD.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

In 1915 E. Denis wrote as follows: "A strange contradiction indeed! We love Italy, but we do not know her." I do not agree in the least with this opinion of the eminent Professor of the Sorbonne, for the love that knows nothing of its object is neither deep nor durable. Will you allow me—seeing that I love France for her own sake and for that of my remote ancestry—to express myself quite frankly on the subject? You who have a perfect right to be proud of your glories, your genius, and the literary royalty which, in some sort, makes France the soul of the world, have wronged us. Italy is practically unknown to you, and is, for the most part, ignored by you.

It is this which has prompted me, in the course of these long years of agony in which the destinies of our two nations are at stake, to conjure up the memories of our past of yesterday, and to present you with a sketch which I have made of it. This, too, is why I have dedicated the book to you. When you have read it, I feel sure that you will no longer look upon Italy in the light of a museum or an inn. You will no longer maintain that the unification of Italy has been the negation of Charles Albert's formula: "l'Italia farà da se,"\* or that "Italy was made with the blood of others."

No, Italy was made, in the crucible of a century's sufferings, out of the choicest of her intellects, and the purest of her blood!

Your knowledge of Italy, moreover, will be of benefit to both countries. Having weathered the storm with the selfsame steadfastness, our peoples, marching side by side, will labour, in the full light of day, for the advancement of justice and the conquest of immortal truth.

AMILDA A. PONS,

della Scuola Normale Superiore di Roma.

\* *Revue Universitaire*, Paris, Armand Colin, June 15, 1912.

## Foreign Literature

### THE POET OF THE WAR

EUROPE. Par Jules Romains. (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 4 fr. 80.)

IN order to write comprehensibly of this poem by M. Jules Romains, it is necessary to indulge for a moment in personal reminiscences—necessary because reminiscence alone will supply the context in which "Europe" must always appear to my eyes; it will also serve to explain the dogmatism of the title given deliberately to this review, and will make clear to others the angle from which I am forced to regard a poem which may perhaps be lacking in some of the finer poetical excellences. I am incapable of judging "Europe" by immutable æsthetic standards. No effort of will could make my mind a *tabula rasa* before it. It has meant too much for me, and too long.

About three years ago, at a time when I had begun to despair of finding any expression of the dismay that was devouring the hearts of my contemporaries; when I was wondering whether the little sketch which I had seen in the *Mercur de France* of January, 1916, signed by Denis Thévenin—later to be revealed as the M. Duhamel of "Vie des Martyrs"—had really been seen by me; when I (and I was surely one of thousands) was looking with a pathetic eagerness to France for some whisper of the truth to which English lips were dumb—I saw in a copy of *Les Hommes du Jour* a review of this poem by M. Romains. At that time *Les Hommes du Jour* generally appeared with more white pages than black, for the Censor was evidently bent on breaking the heart of its editor, in which patriotic purpose he ultimately succeeded. Still, he generally left the book-reviews alone, since he had a proper estimate of the influence of literature. But this review of M. Romains' poem was all white, save for the title of the book and two brief quotations. One of these quotations had a strange effect upon me; it acted like wine on the head of a man who has gone hungry for many days. It was this:—

Nous avons cru en trop de choses,  
Nous, les hommes de peu de foi.

It was, to my mind, and is still, the most perfect and most poignant expression of the tragedy which had befallen us. From that day onward the words echoed in my brain.

I tried hard to obtain the whole poem. Only one hundred copies had been printed, and I fancy that the Censor had seen to it that they did not fall into the hands of a hundred separate persons. "Europe" was unprocurable. But the two lines were sufficient to give me the certainty that a poem had been written that was worthy of the war. It might be (I admitted) that by some extraordinary chance the only two remarkable lines of the poem had escaped the Censor. But they were remarkable in such a way, with such simple and direct illumination, that the unknown poem which contained them was lifted to their level. With this certainty I waited three years.

Now the poem has appeared. It can do no harm now; probably, it could never have done any harm. It "whispered pitiful, heart-devouring things," but there were never at any time many who cared to listen to these. How many ears were open to the appeal for Europe?

Europe! je n'accepte pas  
Que tu meures dans ce délire.  
Europe, je crie qui tu es  
Dans l'oreille de tes tueurs.

Europe! Ils nous ferment la bouche,  
Mais la voix monte à travers tout  
Comme une plante brise-pierre.

Ils auront beau mener leur bruit;  
Je leur rappelle doucement  
Mille choses délicieuses.

Ils auront beau pousser leur crime;  
Je reste garant et gardien  
De deux ou trois choses divines.

This vain appeal ends the second movement of the poem, into which M. Romains gathers with a tender, passionate love all his fragrant memories of Europe, herself because at peace. There would have been few to hear the poignant whisper of the thousand delightful things or the two or three divine; there would not have been many more to hear his direct summons to the peoples:

Que faites-vous? Qu'attendez-vous?  
Qui donc a dompté votre force  
Et stupéfié votre sang?

*Gens humana ruit in vetitum nefas.* "Europe" would have done no harm; it would not have cheated the people of their determined destiny.

But its beauty and significance remain; it is the tormented cry of the European soul made articulate. The European soul is the soul of civilization itself, a soul maintained in life by the ideal faith of a handful of men, who are at any time the sole justification of those aspirations which retain their validity through the ages. It is a pathetic and paradoxical faith, no doubt, and one which has in the past let its eye be turned away from realities. To proclaim it still

Il me faut beaucoup de courage;  
Il me faut un cœur bien naïf  
Encore, et mes deux yeux d'enfant.

And even these are not enough. Now, the naive heart cannot go all the way. For faith in Europe is not an affair of the heart any longer, or not of the heart alone. It is more a deliberate than an instinctive loyalty, and can only be maintained by a mind resolved to accept the conditions of its own existence, which is to acknowledge its own errors.

Nous avons cru en trop de choses,  
Nous, les hommes de peu de foi;  
Nous avons espéré trop loin,  
Nous, les hommes de peu d'espoir.  
Je dis que nous avons menti  
Comme un oiseau de cimetière  
Qu'un voyageur entend chanter  
Sur des tombes qu'il ne voit pas.

"Europe" has nothing to tell us that we do not know; it offers no hope that we have not tried. Its desperate appeals are vain. It is a confession of ineluctable disaster. And yet, had we been permitted to hear it, our despairs might have been mitigated. It would have been a secret spiritual rallying-point for the strange elements of courage that hide within us and defy catastrophe.

Now that the monstrous upheaval has sunk to a monstrous rest, let us put "might have beens" away, and attempt, if we can, to consider "Europe" for what it is. Perhaps it is not a great poem; perhaps the despair which has left its indelible mark upon this generation of mankind will pass and leave the next unblemished. Perhaps we are the children whose teeth have been set on edge; and our children will again eat sour grapes with the same delight as our fathers did. It may therefore be that the agony of soul to which M. Romains has given an incomparable expression is the agony of a single generation, and by so much his poem will lack catholicity and fall short of greatness. But this is certain. He is the poet of the war. The man who does not feel himself expressed and in some sort assuaged by "Europe" has not felt the war. Perhaps, again, it is only an infinitesimal minority of men who have felt the war. Not for this reason, however, will "Europe" fail of catholicity, for art is the privilege and consolation of that minority. It exists by them and for them. It is they alone who achieve and confer immortality.

For them, at least, M. Romains has spoken, not only in the accents of passionate intellectual rebellion with which

he dared to invoke "Europe, mon pays," though this alone would serve to distinguish his poem from the cries of animal pain which have been too generously accepted for poetry of the war in England. He has voiced the outraged *mind* of Europe, not her outraged body. There is a difference. The mind stands apart from the event. It alone lends to the event the terror and pity without which it is merely a thing that happens. It alone makes transitory things unforgettable.

Sur les terre-pleins, sur la chaussée,  
Dans le hall, dans les salles d'attente  
Des groupes traînent, tournent, demeurent.  
Ils secrètent par un lent travail  
Un adieu plus mortel qu'un venin,  
Ils font de dangereuses paroles.  
Si quand tu passes près d'eux  
Il en tombe une sur toi  
Il s'en mêle une à ton sang.  
Tu es un homme envahi,  
Une chair empoisonnée.  
Combien de temps faudra-t-il,  
Combien de jours ou d'années  
Pour suer ce mal subtil ?  
Passant,

combien de printemps  
Pour croire encore à la vie ?

In that question M. Romans spoke for a generation. If his only virtue were that he had power to frame his question thus, in such a setting, he would still be the poet of the war.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

## A FRENCH WAR-CONVERT

TEMOIGNAGE D'UN CONVERTI (YSER—ARTOIS, 1915). Par Henri Ghéon. (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 4fr.)

**W**HAT has been the effect of the war on men's religious beliefs? is a question which must often be asked to-day. There must be many men—M. Henri Ghéon is one—who have found in Christianity a refuge from the insistent nightmare of war. There must be many, too, whom these same horrors have driven to abandon the last vestige of belief in a deity directing the universe on moral principles. It would be interesting to know the number of converts the war has given to either side. Are we to expect a Christian revival in France? throughout the world? There are no signs of any considerable religious or anti-religious movement. Indeed, the only faith which seems capable at the present time of moving great bodies of men to passionate effort is nationalism; and, for all one knows, the war may have sown the seeds of an internationalism destined soon to undermine its authority.

Meanwhile, the Roman Catholic Church lives and works on. In this volume M. Ghéon tells of his own conversion. It was no flash of sudden illumination, but a gradual process, beginning with an æsthetic dabbling in pretty services, and culminating, one triumphant Christmas Day, in his surrender, intellect and all, to the great militant Church. He has given us an interesting psychological document, a little too emphatic in style, perhaps, but containing passages of remarkable beauty. There are certain things in the book which some of us might find it rather hard to agree with. "Le grand malheur des riches, c'est que leur or les met à l'abri de la Providence, de ses merveilles, tendres et paternelles prévenances." There is certainly room for two opinions on this subject. Nor are we convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion by M. Ghéon's appeal to "la sagesse de vingt siècles fideles." The wisdom of twenty faithful centuries has commemorated itself in an unforgettable monument: two hundred miles of blackened territory and a cemetery of unnumbered graves.

## M. ELIE FAURE

LA ROUE. Par Elie Faure. (Paris: Georges Crès. 3 fr. 50.)

**J**'AI perdu le secret qui complique la vie," says the hero of M. Barbusse's "Clarté." For him the war has disentangled the complicated world, leaving a plain untwisted clue to follow: the simple notion of Humanity leading to social revolution and pacifism. The process is exactly reversed in "La Roue." Pierre Lethievien begins where the other ends. His case is like that of so many intelligent young men who have passed a cloistered adolescence among books; they go out into the world with a ready-made philosophy of life into which they try, Procrustes-like, to fit their experience. They succeed sometimes; more often they fail, and the results are more or less painful according as their preconceived ideas are rigid, or flexible enough to be readjusted in the face of facts. The enormous experience of the war filled and burst the narrow bounds of many comfortably fixed ideas, Pierre's among them. "Il avait quitté la région des abstractions intransigeantes et des sentiments ingénus pour pénétrer dans l'empire des faits et leur complexité tragique." Pierre stumbles through this tragic complexity of facts, trying to understand, trying to adjust and reconcile all the contradictory truths that exist about him. Once he thought he knew the truth; now he sees only reality, life with its innumerable facets, each of which is a partial truth. His standards of good and evil also change. All that stirs up life, that gives it force and lyrical fervour, is good. All that tends to stagnation and repression and complacency is evil. And it is precisely those forces he has always regarded as evil which seem to act as the desired stimulant to life. Pain is good, death is good, even war. Art is a birth of tragedy. Love achieves its wildest, its most divine intensity under the threat of death. Faith is another of those powers that wake the world to lyrical frenzy. Man has worshipped many idols, has cherished many illusions. The idols were false gods, and the illusions vanity, but man's faith in them is good because it moved him to action and creation. He has fought for liberty, for autocracy, for God, for honour: idols all. And yet the passion which his illusions stirred within him was the source of all that is worth having in the world. "The more I believe in the power of faith, the less I believe in faith's pretexts." How far this is from M. Barbusse's ingenious belief in the social revolution as the cure for all evils!

M. Faure's merits as a critic of life must not make us forget that he is also a novelist of considerable power. He does not aim at elaborate analysis. His creatures do not look in upon themselves; their energy moves passionately outwards. He is interested in the clash of ideas and principles, the shock of life against life and against the monstrous force of the war. The drama revolves round Pierre, the pacifist whose hatred of war is such that he leaves his country and the woman he loves rather than fight. Sick of the smug orderliness of Swiss civilization and the picture-postcard sentiment of Swiss scenery, he passes on to Italy, and it is there that he learns to give the new orientation to his ideas. Italy educates him through his sensibility; he feels the passion and the tragedy that pulse behind the beauty of nature and of art in that land of clear forms. His intelligence follows in the trail of his feelings, rationalizing them and giving them logical form. He returns to France to put his new ideas into practice, fights, triumphantly possesses his beloved, learns to hate the war with a new violence born of experience, and at last is killed. It is a strange and moving story. M. Faure is a writer who cannot be neglected.



## LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

V.

To A. N. PLESHTCHEYEV.

(6 October, 1888, Moscow.)

**F**ORGIVE me, dear Alexey Nicolaevitch, for writing to you on this paper. I haven't a single sheet of letter paper, and neither the wish nor the time to wait until they go to the little shop for some.

Very many thanks for having read my story ["The Birthday Party"], and for your last letter. I value your opinion. There is no one to talk to in Moscow, and I am glad to have nice people in Petersburg who do not find it a bore to exchange letters with me.

Yes, my dear critic, you are right. The middle part of my story is tedious, grey and monotonous. I wrote it lazily and carelessly. As I am used to writing very short stories, made up of nothing but a beginning and end, I feel bored and inclined to ruminate when I feel I am starting on the middle part. You are right also not to conceal your opinion, but to speak out. Am I not frightened of appearing to be a liberal? That gives me a chance to take a peep at my inside. It seems to me that I would sooner be accused of gluttony, drunkenness, frivolity, indifference—anything rather than of a desire to "appear to be," or to "appear not to be." I never conceal myself. If I love you or Souvorin or Mihailovsky, I don't hide the fact anywhere. If I feel sympathy for my heroine, Olga Mihailovna, a liberal and ex-student, I let it show in my story, which seems sufficiently clear. Neither do I conceal my respect for the Zemstvo, which I love, nor for the jury. True, my desire to balance the pluses and the minuses in my story is suspicious. But I am not trying to make conservatism and liberalism balance—they don't seem to me the essential point—but the true and the false in my characters. Peter Dmitrich lies and plays the fool in court, he is pompous and hopeless, but I can't help showing that by nature he is a lovable and sensitive man. Olga Mihailovna never stops lying, but the pain that lying costs her must be revealed. The Ukrainophil cannot be pointed at as evidence against me. I was not thinking of Paul Lintvariov [a mutual friend]. Lord love you! Paul is an intelligent, modest, aspiring fellow who imposes his ideas on nobody. The Ukrainophilia of the Lintvariovs is love of the warmth, the costumes, the language of their native land. One sympathizes and is touched by it. I had in mind those profound idiots who rebuke Gogol because he did not write his books in Ukrainian, those wooden, incapable, inferior nincompoops, who try, nevertheless, to appear superior, by sticking a label on themselves and attempting to play a rôle. In describing the man of the sixties, I tried to be cautious and brief, although he deserves a story to himself. He is the faded, passive good-for-nothing who usurped the sixties; in the fifth form of the secondary school he got hold of five or six borrowed ideas, never digested them, and will go on stubbornly murmuring them until he dies. He is not a charlatan, but a silly fool who, while he understands little or nothing of that he murmurs, believes it all the same. He is stupid, deaf, heartless. You should just hear how, in the name of the sixties, which he does not understand, he grumbles at the present, which he cannot realize; he calumniates undergraduates, schoolgirls, women, writers, and everything modern, and in doing so he feels he is expressing the very essence of the spirit of the sixties.

He's as dull as ditch-water, and, like the Siberian mouse, he harms those who trust him. The sixties are a sacred period, and to allow these silly mice to usurp it, is to vulgarize it. No, I will not strike out either the Ukrainophil or that old gander who bores me so. When I write or talk about such types I don't think of conservatism or liberalism, but only of their stupidity and pretentiousness.

Now for details. When a student of the Military Medical Academy is asked what he is studying he just answers: the faculty of medicine. To explain the difference between the academy and the university in common colloquial language, would only amuse and not bore an undergraduate. You are right in saying that the conversation with the pregnant peasant is like something out of Tolstoy. I appreciate that. But that conversation has no significance, I only wedged it in so that the abortion should not seem *ex abrupto*. I am a doctor, and so as not to disgrace myself I have to supply a motive for medical cases.

Also about the neck you are right. I felt it when I wrote it; but I had not the courage to take out that about the neck which I had really seen. I would not dispense with it. You are also right in saying that a person who has just been crying cannot lie. But you are only partly right. Lying is just like alcoholism. Liars can lie even when they are dying.

The other day an officer, an aristocrat, the fiancé of a girl friend of ours, tried for some reason to commit suicide. The father of the fiancé, a general, has not been, and won't go, to the hospital to see his son, until he knows how society is going to take the affair. . .

I have received the Poushkin prize! Ah, to have had those five hundred roubles in the summer, when it is merry, but in the winter they will be thrown away!

To-morrow I mean to sit down and write a story for the Garshin book. I'll have a good try. I'll tell you when it takes shape and make a definite promise. It won't be ready, probably, before next Sunday.

I am upset just now and work badly.

Keep well and happy. That prize has disorganized me. My thoughts go whirling round as never before. It is cold.  
Yours, A. T.

To A. S. SOUVORIN.

(October, 1888, Moscow.)

I have read my "Ivanov" again. I think that if I re-write Act IV, cut something, and add a monologue which sits in my brain, the play will "come off" and be quite effective. I'll have it corrected by Christmas, and send it to the Alexandrinsky Theatre.

"The Bear" has been more or less passed by the censorship. It will be performed at Korsh's Theatre. Solovzov longs to play the title-rôle.

Has not Moslov got a play? I could get Korsh to stage it. The actors are very tender to me.

THE Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution on May 30 will be delivered by Sir John Rose Bradford on "A Filter-passing Virus in certain Diseases." The closing discourse of the session will be given on June 6 by Professor Sir Ernest Rutherford on "Atomic Projectiles and their Collisions with Light Atoms." On Saturday, May 31, at three o'clock, Mr. J. M. Price will give the first of two lectures on "The Italian Front," illustrated by cinematograph films lent by the Italian Government.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

A Committee of Specialists appointed by the Library Association have marked with asterisks those works in the List which they consider most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

**Campaigns of Peace.** National Council of Public Morals, 20, Bedford Square, W.C.1 [1919]. 8½ in. 78 pp. il. (pors). paper. 170.6

An outline of the work accomplished by the Council during 1918 in regard to sexual ethics, sex education, the moral reconstruction of society, the formation of a Ministry of Public Health, and the like. The preface is contributed by the Bishop of Birmingham.

**Thomson (Philip W. T. R.).** A SYNOPSIS OF STEREOMETRY PSYCHOLOGY (Psychological Series, no. 1, March). Los Angeles, Cal., Stereometry Research and Experimental Society (2121 Gower Street), Hollywood [1919]. 9 in. 16 pp. paper, 50 c. 133

The author, whose sole design is to place the result of 20 years' intensive research work at the disposal of his fellow man, discourses with excessive learning upon the 3 basic principles of life, the 4 basic states of substance (into which they "involute"), and the 12 "Cosmical Zodiacal Rulers of Life," who "evolute" from the "7 of all Occultism and Mysticism."

## 200 RELIGION.

**Bleeh (Aimée).** TO THOSE WHO SUFFER: a few points in Theosophical teaching. Adyar, Madras, and London, Theosophical Publishing House, 1919. 7½ in. 91 pp., 1/6. 212

The second edition of this translation from the French by Fred Rothwell.

**Brooke (Stopford A.).** THE SPIKENARD; and other sermons; introd. by J. H. Weatherall. Lindsey Press, 1919. 7½ in. 146 pp., 3/6 n. 252.4

These sermons have been printed from manuscripts left by the author at his death. Representative of Stopford Brooke's latest teaching, they are clear and graceful expositions of the love of God in the everyday life of man, and of the beauty and power of a non-miraculous Christianity.

**Brushes with the Bishops:** a blue book; by Besma. Palmer & Hayward [1919]. 7½ in. 208 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 204

The author claims to have received, through a friend, messages from God, and believes that "we are Israel, that the ten tribes had travelled westwards towards these islands . . . and that Joseph's branch, Manasseh, had in 1620 gone over the wall—viz. to America." There is force in some of Besma's criticisms of an unnamed institution where for a considerable period she was a paying patient. The gravamen of Besma's complaint against the bishops is their alleged neglect to answer her communications.

**Bulkeley (Owen).** THE MYSTICAL STATUS OF HOLY CONFIRMATION: a bond of union with the Churches. Scott, 1919. 6½ in. 61 pp. app. paper, 2/6 n. 265.2

This work is described in the sub-title as "a new and convincing Reading of the Origin of Holy Confirmation; endorsed by some Eminent Ecclesiastics, whose Opinions are herein set forth."

**Corbet (Rowland William).** THE MESSAGE OF THE GOSPEL TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Stock, 1919. 7½ in. 182 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 225

This book embodies the substance of a course of addresses which summarized ten years' teaching on the text of the New

Testament. The author endeavours "to distinguish the rudimentary and mechanical interpretations of the Gospel of the Christian Church in its infancy from the vital and spiritual apprehension discernible in the Apostolic tradition and teaching: characterized by the Apostles as the mature and spiritual interpretation as in contrast with the primary immature and natural."

**Frank (Henry).** THE CHALLENGE OF THE WAR: CAN SCIENCE ANSWER THE RIDDLE OF THE GRAVE? Boston, Mass., Stratford Company, 1919. 7½ in. 418 pp. apps. inds., \$2.50. 237.2

In this extraordinary work the author attempts to prove that modern science establishes the probability of the soul being immortal. He seems to have read a number of popular works on various branches of science, but it is apparent that he is often ignorant of the precise meaning of scientific terms. Absence of exact knowledge, however, lends wings to the author's imagination, although depriving his conclusions of value. His one admirable quality is his courage: everybody is allowed to have his say, friend or foe; the author cheerfully quotes remarks which in reality destroy his position.

**Goudge (Henry Leighton).** WHAT IS THE GOSPEL? a paper read to the clergy of the diocese of Southwell, Nov. 14, 1918. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 32 pp. paper, 4d. n. 225

A short study of the Gospel, regarded especially as good news, and as "the gospel of the Kingdom."

**The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1919.** S.P.C.K., 1919. 8½ in. 512 pp. ind. boards, 4/n. 283

The present volume is the thirty-seventh issue of this exceedingly useful work of reference, and the information set forth is brought up to date as far as possible.

**Potter (Ernest C.).** IN WAR-ZONE PORTS. Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham Street, W.C. 7½ in. 114 pp. il., 2/6 n. 266

Sketches of work among the seamen of Britain, "essayed by the Missions to Seamen during the Great War in some of those ports which were vital to the Allied Arms," such as Plymouth, Southampton, Newhaven, Hull, Dover, and Avonmouth. Marseilles and Dunkirk are among the ports included.

**Smith (Herbert Maynard).** ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM: an essay in criticism. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 47 pp. paper, 6d. n. 262.1

The Vicar of Holy Trinity, Malvern, is not wholly adverse in his criticism of the Archbishop's Committee's Report on Administrative Reform, but he considers that as a constructive programme it cannot be approved.

**Smith (Herbert Maynard).** THE TRAINING OF THE CLERGY: an essay in criticism on the Report of the Archbishops Committee dealing with the Teaching Office in the Church. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 47 pp. paper, 6d. n. 262.1

In this analytical survey of the Report of the Committee on "The Teaching Office of the Church," the author discusses vocation, contrasts the training of the Public School boy and the boy from the elementary school, deals with Theological Colleges, and, among other topics, considers the standard of education which should be required of the clergy.

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

**Bastide (Charles).** COMMENT LA DÉMOCRATIE AMÉRICAINE SE GOUVERNE ("Collection America"). Paris, Renaissance du Livre [1919]. 8 in. 69 pp. paper, 1 fr. 25. 353

One of a set of useful primers, this describes in lucid fashion the constitution, executive, and legislative and judicial powers of the Federal Government and of the separate States; and in a third section the machinery of law and justice.

**Buron (Edmond).** DONNEZ DES TERRES AUX SOLDATS: l'exemple de l'Angleterre. Paris, Bossard, 1919. 7 in. 188 pp. paper, 3 fr. 338.1

M. Buron preaches on the text of M. Bazin, "La terre qui meurt." He describes the schemes for colonizing the land in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, and discusses the possibilities and ways of providing similar benefits for the French soldier and French agriculture.

**Butler (Nicholas Murray).** IS AMERICA WORTH SAVING? REPUBLIC OR SOCIALIST AUTOCRACY? an address delivered before the Commercial Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, April 19, 1919. 9 in. 20 pp. pamph. 335.6

The argument is that the individual liberty on which the political system of the United States is based aims at the fullest development of the citizen for the service of the commonwealth, and that this ideal is attacked by a "false democracy" aiming at "a false and artificial equality."

**Champion (D. M.).** WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR EDUCATION. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 30 pp. paper, 4d. n. 377.83

A useful summary of facts concerning mediæval education in England; cathedral schools and grammar schools; the University movement; the work of the Friars; colleges, chantry and guild schools; the influence of the Renaissance, Reformation, and Civil Wars; the achievements of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; the establishment of Sunday schools; the foundation of the National Society; the Education Acts of 1870 and 1902; and Teachers' Training Colleges. "The Church of England," the author says, "still has the majority and the best of the Teachers' Training Colleges."

**\*Krackowizer (Alice M.).** PROJECTS IN THE PRIMARY GRADES: a plan of work for the primary grades and the kindergarten ("Lippincott's School Project Series"). Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 231 pp. il. bibliog., 5/ n. 372.2

Children's lives are, or should be, full of "purposeful activities." Often children are forced to neglect their own projects and problems, as well as the complex activities of nature and of the social life around them, in order that they may master the mechanics of the "tool subjects" or processes—reading, writing, and number. Teachers who attempt to make much of the development of children by a natural, wholesome use of their instincts and the life interest around them are sometimes charged with neglecting their training in the mechanics of the tool subjects. In this way the two aspects of child development seem to clash; but the author endeavours to unify these phases of the problem. Miss Krackowizer brings together typical illustrations of the nature and social experiences of children, and shows how they can be used as means of developing an appreciation of the need for reading, writing, and number. The mass of illustrative experience comprised in the book, and the considerable bibliography which is appended, should be suggestive and in other ways of value to teachers.

**The Law Quarterly Review**, vol. 35, No. 138, April. Stevens & Sons, 1919. 10½ in. 94 pp. paper, 5/ n. 347.05

The April *Law Quarterly Review* devotes much of its space to the subject of responsibility for war crimes. It may be doubted whether Mr. de Montmorency's parallel between German "U-boat" captains and the captains of Barbary corsairs, however interesting, will carry much weight with an unprejudiced public. Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Hereshoff Bartlett treat the subject in a more lawyerly manner, and lay down what on the whole seem to be sound principles, Mr. Bartlett covering the ground more generally, and Sir Frederick dealing only with "The Defence of Superior Orders." Among articles of more purely technical interest should be mentioned one by Mr. Percy Winfield on "The Assignment of Choses in Action in relation to Maintenance and Champerty," and one on resulting uses by Mr. Charles Sweet.

**Lolini (E.).** BUROCRACIA. Roma, Soc. An. Ed. La Voce [1919]. 8 in. 172 pp., 5 lire. 354.45

The author discusses the defects of the Italian Civil Service, explains the causes of the fatal increase in the tendency towards centralization, and suggests a number of reforms. The essay was written for a prize offered by the Association of the "Società Italiane per Azioni," which was not awarded. Signor Lolini's effort was among the six essays commended.

**Milnes (Alfred).** THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF RECONSTRUCTION. Macdonald & Evans, 1919. 9 in. 234 pp. ind., 6/6 n. 337

This book contains the substance of a short course of lectures delivered during the autumn of 1918 at the National Liberal Club. The author strongly defends the principle of free trade.

**\*Philip (George) & Son.** THE USE OF THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE. Philip [1919]. 8½ in. 41 pp. il. paper, 2/ n. 371.6791

Described as a "practical little book of explanatory notes, diagrams, problems and tables," this compilation treats plainly and succinctly of the terrestrial globe versus the map, the construction of the globe, great-circle sailing, and the like. Useful tables for reference are appended to the text; and there are thirty-five illustrations.

**Stewart (J. A.).** OXFORD AFTER THE WAR AND A LIBERAL EDUCATION. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 9 in. 35 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 378.42

Professor Stewart contends for the establishment of new schools in *Literæ Humaniores* at Oxford, and principally for an English school, though he contemplates French and Italian schools also. An incidental benefit conferred by the reforms which he adumbrates would be that a considerable knowledge of the classics would no longer be indispensable to the study of philosophy at Oxford. But the complete reform of the present fantastically inadequate English school at Oxford, which Professor Stewart chiefly demands, is an aim which all lovers of a truly liberal education will heartily support.

**Wang (Chung-Hui).** LAW REFORM IN CHINA. (China National Defence League in Europe) Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 16 pp. paper, 3d. n. 354.51

Dr. Wang, formerly Chinese Minister of Justice, writes with authority, and the particulars he gives of the work of the Law Codification Commission, prison reform, the changes effected in Chinese criminal jurisprudence, and the like, indicate that in juridical matters the great Republic of the East is far less backward than one imagines.

**\*Wilson (President Woodrow).** GUARANTEES OF PEACE: messages and addresses to the Congress and the People, January 31, 1918, to December 2, 1918; together with the Peace Notes to Germany and Austria. Harper & Brothers [1919]. 7 in. 157 pp. app., \$1 n. 341

This series of volumes embodies conveniently the public utterances of President Wilson throughout the period of America's entrance into the war; and the present volume supplements the two earlier collections, "Why we are at War" and "In our First Year of War." The corrected text of the Armistice Agreement is included as an appendix.

**\*Wilson (President Woodrow).** INTERNATIONAL IDEALS: speeches and addresses made during the President's European visit, Dec. 14, 1918, to Feb. 14, 1919. Harper & Brothers [1919]. 7 in. 160 pp. app., \$1 n. 341

This volume is the fourth in the series of war-time addresses, speeches, and messages delivered by President Wilson. It comprises the Presidential utterances in France, England, and Italy; and among the titles are "A Communion of Ideals," "Peace by Agreement," "A Great Moral Tide," "Principles versus Practice," "The Breaking of Precedents," and "A People's Peace."

**Wilson (President W.).** MESSAGES, DISCOURS, DOCUMENTS DIPLOMATIQUES RELATIFS À LA GUERRE MONDIALE; traduction, avec des notes historiques, par Désiré Roustan. Paris, Bossard, 1919. 2 vols., 9 in. 244, 286 pp. app. ind. each vol. 4 fr. 50. 341

These two volumes consist of translations of all President Wilson's speeches and notes relating to the war from Aug. 18, 1914, to March 4, 1919. In his preface Professor Roustan gives his sources and also a short sketch of the main outlines of the President's career. The lofty tone of many of these speeches produces a curious impression on us in the light of recent events. Like old love-letters, they awaken sentimental regrets.

#### 600 USEFUL ARTS.

**Blackburn (C. J.) and Newby (E. J.).** ALL ABOUT AIRCRAFT. E. J. Burrow & Co., 93, Kingsway, and Simpkin & Marshall, 1919. 8 in. 123 pp. il. paper, 3/6 n. 629.13

Diagrammatic cuts and terse, lucid descriptions form a short encyclopædia of aeroplanes and their working (airships are not included). The glossary of air-terms comprises more than a thousand items.



**\*Green (F. E.).** FIRST ADVICE TO WOULD-BE FARMERS. "Country Life" [1919]. 8 in. 190 pp. ind., 5/ n. 630  
The author of the "Awakening of England" is qualified as a forcible writer and an experienced small-holder to advise the demobilized how to choose the most suitable branch of farming and how to make it yield a livelihood. He describes the conditions and prospects of corn-growing, dairy-farming, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, fruit-farming, and various side-lines; gives hints on costs and returns, and illustrates his advice with plenty of statistics, including actual balance-sheets.

**Leatherdale (Vincent John).** THE PROFESSOR'S SECRET: CONTROL AND A CHEERFUL LIFE. Stock, 1919. 6½ in. 36 pp. paper, 1/ n. 612.821

The Vicar of Stoke Gabriel describes a plan of governing the imagination by which he assures us that we can repel any sudden nervous feeling, as when walking in dangerous places, and can mask our facial expression when "thought-feelings" are aroused by other people. Still more usefully, perhaps, the method helps us to resist the fascination of others! The plan is simple. We must brace our frames from the ankles upwards, and reject thought-feelings that come from the stomach. In analogous fashion, the author declares in the last chapter, we may keep away from errors of judgment in matters of religion by bracing the soul from God—the Rock of Ages.

**Muller (Cecilie).** FRESH HOPE AND HEALTH FOR HOSPITAL PATIENTS AND INVALIDS. Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. il. por. paper, 2/ n. 615.82

A revised edition of a work by the sister of Lieutenant J. P. Muller, whose system of breathing and physical exercises is well known.

#### 700 FINE ARTS.

**\*Lucas (Joseph).** OUR VILLA IN ITALY. 2nd edition. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 252 pp. il., 5/ n. 749

This pleasant book is as much a manual for the collector of old Italian furniture as a sequence of papers descriptive of the Quattrocento Tuscan villa purchased by the author at San Domenico, near Florence; of its contents, its charming garden, and the inhabitants of the place. The volume is attractively illustrated, and conveys a considerable measure of information concerning old Tuscan cabinets, sideboards, tables, prayer-desks, and the like.

#### 800 LITERATURE.

**Baring (Maurice).** DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS. Secker, 1919. 7 in. 200 pp., 4/ n. 822.9

Twenty-two original and amusing short plays. The characters include celebrities from every period of history, from Alexander the Great to Mr. Max Beerbohm, but the dialogue is always thoroughly modern and gaily irreverent.

**Delluc (Louis).** CINÉMA & CIE.: confidences d'un spectateur. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. 328 pp. il. paper, 3 fr. 50. (majoration temp.) 844.9

M. Delluc tells us how he was converted to the cinema after having been for long a stubborn unbeliever. This volume contains an amusing collection of appreciations and criticisms of films and film-actors, French, English and American.

**Islandica:** an annual relating to Iceland and the Fiske Icelandic Collection in Cornell University Library: vol. 11, THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF ICELAND DOWN TO THE YEAR 1874: an historical sketch by Halldór Hermannsson. Ithaca, New York, Cornell University Library, 1918. 9½ in. 108 pp. il. (pors.) ind. paper, \$1. 839.6

An informative review of the Icelandic periodicals, some fifty in number, which were published between 1696 and the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

**Katz (Gershon).** SHULAMIT: an ancient love-drama, known as the "Song of Songs," and attributed to Solomon, King of Israel; tr. from the Hebrew into English rhymed verse by Gershon Katz. Universal Translation and Typewriting Bureau, 88-90, Chancery Lane, W.C., 1919. 9 in. 16 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 892.4  
This rhymed version of the Song of Solomon is not especially noteworthy.

**Lewisohn (L.).** THE MODERN DRAMA: an essay in interpretation. Secker, 1916 [sic]. 7½ in. 340 pp., 7/ n. 808.2

A competent study of the modern drama in France, Germany and England. The introduction deals chiefly with Ibsen as the inaugurator of the typically modern school with its essentially new conception of tragedy. Mr. Lewisohn traces the development of this new conception, and also the emergence of the Neo-Romantic school with its reaction against science.

**Mejia Rodriguez (Alfonso).** LA FRANCE, NOTRE MÈRE INTELLECTUELLE. Bogotá, Colombia, 1919. 7½ in. 144 pp. 844.9

Lectures and articles by a young Colombian writer whose spiritual home is France. The immediate object of the book was to work up public opinion in Colombia in favour of breaking off relations with Germany; but it has a certain interest as showing the state of intellectual activity in Spanish-American towns like Bogotá, Barranquilla and Medellín. The author under-estimates the debt which Spanish civilization, like that of France and England, owes to Italy.

The **Oxford Outlook:** a literary and political review; edited and controlled by Oxford undergraduates, vol. 1, no. 1, May, 1919. Editors N. A. Beechman and Beverley Nichols. Oxford, "Oxford Chronicle" Co., 119, High Street, and B. H. Blackwell, 1919. 8½ in. 60 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 805

The first number of the *Oxford Outlook* is really too respectable. Mr. Masfield, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and Lord Charnwood are to be found among the contributors, and the younger writers are all very much on their good behaviour. One expects an undergraduate to be rather more "jeune" in tone: there is no point in the existence of the new *Outlook* if it is to be simply an imitation of a middle-aged London weekly.

#### POETRY.

**Brockhouse (Muriel Clarice).** DEWDROPS AND GOSSAMER. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 142 pp., 4/ n. 821.9

The young writer addresses a charming introduction to "Dear Someone," craving sympathy for these "fairies of a child's mind" which were not intended for publicity.

**Evans (Vivian).** THE GARDEN OF LOVE. Bell, 1919. 5½ in. 89 pp., 4/6 n. 821.9

In a pretty booklet, printed at the Chiswick Press, Mr. Evans has poured out his heart on the subject of true love, sympathy, sacrifice, and the happiness that flows therefrom. His diction is something between *vers libre* and prose regularly rhymed, the unexpected places where the rhymes fall giving the reader continual shocks of surprise.

**Green (S. Val.).** THE THREE DREAMS; and other poems. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 29 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

Some observation and unaffected feeling appear in these childlike verses, which are of the school-magazine order.

**Grenside (Dorothy).** GREEN WAYS. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 7½ in. 56 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

"The peace of immanence of soul" is the central theme of these reveries on the loveliness of nature and its message for the human mind. From the first page to the last, the authoress shows steady progress from inchoate *vers libres* in the Whitman style, through irregular verse rhymed when and where she pleases, to shapely lyrics, such as "I'll find me a way."

**Kemp (W. A. G.).** FROM KEMMEL HILL; and other poems. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 23 pp., 2/ n. 821.9

These are neat exercises in various metres on war subjects.

**Lawson (R.).** MILTON ("Australasian Literature Primers"). Melbourne, Whitcombe & Tombs [1919]. 7 in. 128 pp., 1/6. 821.47

In its general scheme this useful introduction corresponds to the handbook on Wordsworth in the same series which we described recently.

**Looker (Samuel J.).** THORNS AND SWEET BRIAR: love and nature lyrics with satires. The Author, 18, Allen Road, Stoke Newington, N.16 [1919]. 8½ in. 60 pp. paper, 3/6 n. 821.9

Most poets leave introductions to others; Mr. Looker writes his own—on the meaning of poetry and the deficiencies of critics. The favourite vehicle of his not very original thoughts is the Shakespearian sonnet, which he handles with grace.

**Romains (Jules).** EUROPE. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 1919. 8½ in. 86 pp. paper, 4 fr. 50. 841.9  
See review, p. 376.

**Rose (R. Selden) and Bacon (Leonard).** THE LAY OF THE CID; tr. into English verse ("Semi-centennial Publications of the University of California"). Berkeley, Cal., 1918. 10 in. 144 pp. paper. 861.27

This is a rendering of the "Poema del Cid," the oldest extant Spanish poem. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid" was a compilation from the poem, the "Chronicles," and the "Romancero." The translators use a cantering accentual metre in Scott's ballad-style.

**Salutations ;** by Leo. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 24 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

Leo rhymes with ease, but not with certainty. Expressions like "a-sure" and "wraights" mystify us, and "Icarus" pains us as an amphibrach.

**Verses ;** by B. E. W. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 12 pp. paper, 8d. n. 821.9

B. E. W. spins verses agreeably and not untunefully; but we do not know whether it is worse to rhyme "awning" and "morning," or to find such a word as "spandy" to chime with "brandy."

#### FICTION.

**Ashford (Daisy).** THE YOUNG VISITERS; or, Mr. Salteena's Plan. With a preface by J. M. Barrie. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 7 in. 86 pp. por., 3/6 n.

Here is a child's novel. Daisy Ashford was nine years old when she wrote the history of Mr. Salteena's unhappy life. It is an admirable story, made more entertaining by the fact that the author's literary models were to be found among the more gorgeous romances of the last century. It is not hard to trace, in this passionate sentence, the influence of Ouida—"Bernard I certainly love you madly you are to me like a Heathen God she cried looking at his manly form and handsome flashing face I will indeed marry you." We do not know if Daisy Ashford has written anything since "The Young Visitors." She will have a hard task to outdo her first novel.

**Brady (Cyrus Townsend).** THE BLUE OCEAN'S DAUGHTER: a story ("Jarrolds' Popular Novels"). Jarrolds [1919]. 6½ in. 245 pp., 1/9 n.

**Darlington (W. A.).** ALF'S BUTTON. Jenkins, 1919. 8 in. 320 pp., 6/ n.

The modern Aladdin is a Tommy, and his magic button is made from the lamp sold as old metal. The tale develops on lines that may amuse, but will not astonish the reader.

**Desjardins (Jacques).** IOKONOSHI: conte japonais. Paris, Champion, 1918. 10 in. 35 pp. paper. 843.9

This simple tale of two lovers in the mountains of Japan derives its motive from a poem of Shiomi Mazanane, in the eighteenth century. It is beautifully told.

**Desmond (Shaw).** DEMOCRACY. Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 304 pp., 6/ n.

A history of the Labour movement and a prophecy of its fate. Denis is swept into the Labour movement a few years before the war. He lives long enough into the peace to witness its utter defeat at the hands of organized society. The Syndicalists' dream comes true; the general strike passes from theory into the realm of practice. But the workers find that they are not the only people who can use "direct action." The Government's direct action, supported as it is by disciplined troops and machine guns, is a good deal more effective than anything the workers can organize. The book ends with the crucifixion, by the infuriated mob, of the strike leader,

symbolic of the fate of the whole of Democracy. Mr. Desmond's work is frankly a piece of propaganda, and can hardly be judged as a novel.

**Hendryx (James B.).** CONNIE MORGAN IN ALASKA: a tale ("Jarrolds' Popular Novels"). Jarrolds [1919]. 6½ in. 246 pp., 1/9 n.

**Moselly (Emile).** LES ETUDIANTS. Paris, Ollendorff [1919]. 7½ in. 316 pp. paper, 3fr. 50. 843.9

This story of poor University students at Lyons, their amours, their poverty, and their good-fellowship, follows the plan of Murger's "Scènes de la Bohème"; but M. Moselly's realistic painting of their drab existence scarcely consorts with the sentimental glamour and the gay *insouciance* of Bohemia.

**Vines (Sherard).** THE DARK WAY. Heath Cranton [1919]. 7½ in. 231 pp., 5/ n.

"The Dark Way" differs but little from the many novels of boyhood and youth with which the last ten years have made us only too familiar. We are beginning to get rather tired of these adolescents who discover art and atheism at school, Socialism at the University, to finish up at five-and-twenty, after passing through a difficult stage of sex, as maturely brilliant literary men. Piers in "The Dark Way" does all the obvious things until the very last. He gets religion, abandons a promising poetical career, leaves his wife, income, friends, and all the other vanities of the world, and becomes a hermit. Mr. Vines tells his story as though it were an anecdote; he hardly seems to make an attempt to create the illusion that his characters are alive. If they speak for themselves, it is generally to give vent to a kind of schoolboyish witticism, so dismal that we wish they had not spoken. Mr. Vines is at his best in his descriptions. It is evident that he finds things and words easier to deal with than people; and as novels, after all, are primarily about people, it does not look as though he would ever be a successful novelist.

**Tagore (Sir Rabindranath).** THE HOME AND THE WORLD. Translated. Macmillan, 1919. 8 in. 341 pp., 6/ n.

The story of an Indian maharajah's wife, and of her relations with her husband and the world of politics that is outside the home. Sir Rabindranath Tagore writes with the large and rather misty eloquence we have learned to expect from him.

#### 910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

**Bartholomew (J. G.) and Jefford (Edward).** PARIS POUR TOUS ("Collection Gallia"). Dent; New York, Dutton [1919]. 7 in. 238 pp. maps, inds., 2fr. 50. 914.436

A concise guide, excellent features of which are the clearly-printed and coloured maps and plans, and the useful index of places, with references to the maps.

**India.** ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MYSORE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT FOR THE YEAR 1918; with the Government review thereon. Bangalore, Government Press, 1919. 13 in. 75 pp. il. paper. 913.548

The Director of Archæological Researches in Mysore, Mr. R. Narasimhachar, reports that during February, March and June, 1918, he toured in the Tumkur, Chitaldrug, Mysore, and Hassan Districts, with the object of re-surveying portions of those regions and of inspecting some temples of archæological interest. He inspected 187 villages, and examined 304 new records. The report contains much interesting matter, and is illustrated with 15 plates.

**Phillips' Pictorial Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer.** Philip & Son, 1919. 6 in. 104 pp. il. maps, 2/6 n. 912

At once a physical and political atlas, a gazetteer, and a summary of geographical and statistical facts, this volume is a very useful little book. It is of a size convenient for the pocket, and it will be equally handy for the library and the office. The maps are noticeably full and clear, considering their small size; and the statistical diagrams show pictorially the commercial rivalry of the Powers (one of the chief causes of the war), and the colossal natural resources controlled by Greater Britain and her allies.

## 920 BIOGRAPHY.

**The Foreign Office List and Diplomatic and Consular Year-Book for 1919**; ed. by Godfrey E. P. Hertslet, Percy C. Rice, and Leslie G. Brown. Ninety-second publication. Harrison & Sons, 1919. 8½ in. 745 pp. app. maps, ind., 15/ n. 920

The present issue of this important work of reference embodies the usual features, which are brought well up-to-date. A notable section is that containing the list of the British Delegation and Staff at the Peace Conference. By an oversight New Zealand and her representatives are omitted from the Panel of Plenipotentiaries and Personal Staffs on p. 9E, though on the following page they appear, together with the representatives of the other Dominions and India.

**Ghéon (Henri).** TÉMOIGNAGE D'UN CONVERTI (YSER-ARTOIS, 1915): l'Homme né de la Guerre. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française [1919]. 7½ in. 228 pp. paper, 4 fr. 920  
See review, p. 377.

**Theobald (Lewis).**

**Jones (Richard Foster).** LEWIS THEOBALD: his contribution to English scholarship; with some unpublished letters (Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature). New York, Columbia Univ. Press (Milford), 1919. 8½ in. 378 pp. apps. (bibliog.) ind., 8/6 n. 920

Succeeding generations have been content to accept Pope's verdict on Theobald almost without question. This book is the latest of a series of tardy attempts to do justice to his greatness as a critic. Mr. Jones has added new facts to our knowledge of Theobald's life, and has shown how closely he modelled his critical methods on those of the great Bentley.

**Voltaire.**

**Tallentyre (S. G.).** VOLTAIRE IN HIS LETTERS: being a selection from his correspondence. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 299 pp. il., 12/ n. 920

It is "better to read a man's own writings than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the others third-rate." Miss S. G. Tallentyre lets Voltaire tell his own story in a selection of letters, adding only as much of her own as will make the allusions to contemporary happenings comprehensible to the ordinary reader. The volume forms a useful appendix to the author's well-known "Life of Voltaire."

## 930-990 HISTORY.

**Carnoy (Albert J.).** THE PAST AND THE FUTURE OF BELGIUM. New York, Knickerbocker Press, 1919. 9 in. 67 pp. paper. 949.3

Belgium, says the author, "has scornfully thrown off the suffocating mantle of guaranteed neutrality which proved to be only a fallacious protection." If she "is not disappointed in her hopes, if nothing interferes with the speedy restoration of her economic life . . . she will have won in this war a greater consciousness of her national destinies, and she will see the final realization of a conception which she introduced into the world."

**Congreve (Richard).** GIBRALTAR; OR, THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND. Watts, 1919. 8½ in. 55 pp. paper, 1/. 946.8

A reprint of an essay written in 1856. The author urges not only that England should restore Gibraltar to Spain—unconditionally, without dismantling, and without indemnity, but also that such a restoration would be of benefit to England. "One such act of clear renunciation in the face of Europe would raise the national consciousness . . . and be a manly breaking with whatever of evil there has been embodied in our past policy." It is pointed out by Dr. Congreve that the loss of Calais was a most fortunate circumstance for the British nation. The writer of the preface to this edition states that the paper was written at the direct request of Auguste Comte. The author was the founder of the Church of Humanity at 19, Chapel Street, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

**Smith (Vincent A.).** THE OXFORD HISTORY OF INDIA: from the earliest times to the end of 1911. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 7½ in. 840 pp. il. maps, apps. ind., 12/6 n. 934 and 954

The author's purpose is to provide a compendious up-to-date History of India as a whole, based on the results of modern research, extending from the earliest times to the end of 1911, and preserving "due proportion throughout in the Ancient, Hindu, Muhammadan, and British Periods alike." Space is allotted "so as to give prominence to the more significant sections." It is stated in the preface that "no book on lines at all similar is in existence." The volume comprises numerous lists of authorities, and about 200 illustrations, including over a score of maps and plans.

## 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Bernard (Jean).** HISTOIRE GÉNÉRALE ET ANECDOTIQUE DE LA GUERRE DE 1914, No. 29. Paris, Berger-Levrault [1919]. 9½ in. 48 pp. il., 75 c. 940.9

In this part of M. Bernard's popular history, the narrative covers the gallant achievements of the Serbians; the attacks upon Russian shipping and the Black Sea coast by the "Goeben" and the "Breslau," when "la Turquie n'était plus, en fait, qu'un protectorat allemand"; the battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands; the career of the "Emden"; and other events and episodes of the earlier stages of the war.

**Bridge (F. Maynard).** A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR. H. F. W. Deane & Sons, 1919. 8½ in. 61 pp. front. maps, ind., 6/ n. 940.9

There must be many persons who have not read any of the exhaustive histories of the war, and who will therefore welcome the appearance of a record in a convenient form and at a moderate price. The book before us is concise, clearly arranged, and provided with a number of distinctly-drawn maps, not overcrowded with names. There is a useful historical introduction, and the main part of the book covers the period from the death of the Archduke Ferdinand to the surrender of Germany.

**\*Howard (Kemble).** AN AUTHOR IN WONDERLAND. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 9 in. 232 pp. il. por., 10s. 6d. n. 940.9

With the knack of dialogue and the liveliness of an experienced novelist, Mr. Howard relates his experiences as a war-worker in the Anti-Aircraft Department, as a propagandist, and in various other capacities, giving by the way entertaining descriptions of air-raids, women's work on the land, and other phases of life. He also reprints his pamphlet, "The Glory of Zeebrugge," as a final section of a well-written book.

## J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

**Herbert (Charles).** THE SCORE OF A SCORE OF YEARS: the story of a very wonderful world. J. F. Shaw & Co., 1919. 7½ in. 250 pp. il., 3/6 n. J.909.9

This is a comprehensive review of two decades of the world's history, presented in a form likely to be attractive to young readers. Discoveries and inventions, such as radio-telegraphy; past inter-racial conflicts, including the South African, Russo-Japanese, and Chino-Japanese wars; the world strife in which we are engaged; great political, social, and economic movements, such as the Home Rule struggle, industrial strikes, and the agitation for women's suffrage; the Union of the South African Colonies; the coronations of King Edward and King George, and numerous other topics, are dealt with. Controversial questions, such as Free Trade versus Tariff Reform, Preferential Trade, and the like, are explained lucidly and with a praiseworthy effort at impartiality.

**Lawson (J. C.).** THE LITANY OF THE ELVES. Cambridge University Press, 1919. 10½ in. 29 pp., 3/ n. J.F.

Both in his verse and his prose the author achieves an elegant simplicity in a fanciful tale of the welcome prepared by the elves, or "angel children," for a hero returned from the war. Whether children will appreciate his work is doubtful.



(Continued from Page 354.)

**GRESHAM COLLEGE** (Basinghall Street, E.C.).—**FOUR LECTURES** will be given by **PROFESSOR FOSTER WATSON, D.LIT.** on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, May 27-30, at six o'clock p.m. :—

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